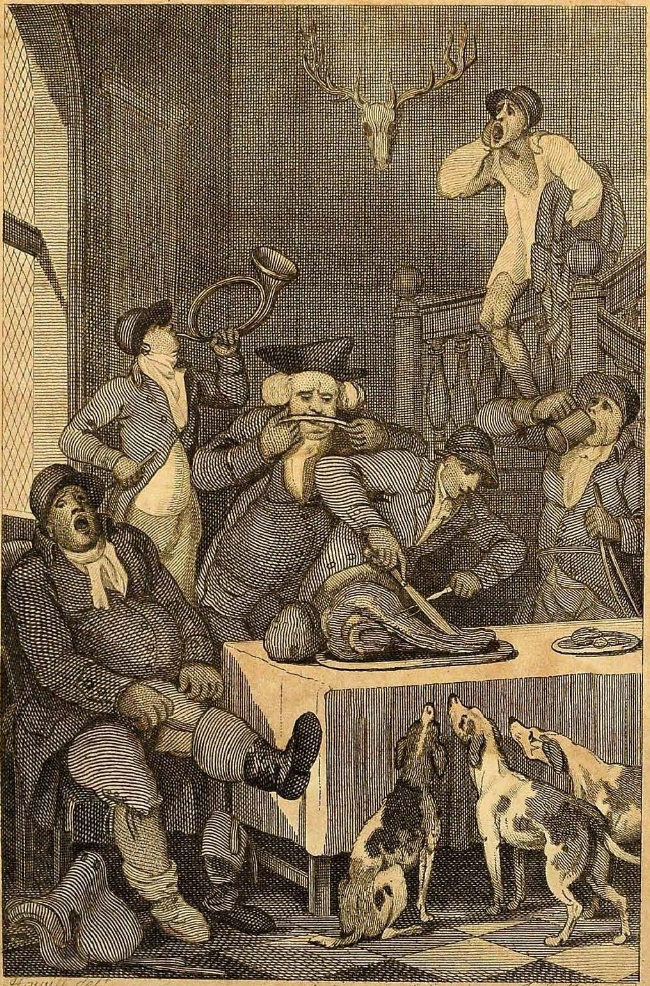

Howitt del.t — J. Scott sculp.t

A FOX·HUNTING BREAKFAST.

Pub.d April 1, 1798 by J. Wheble Warwick Court London.

THE Sporting Magazine

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

of the

Transactions of

THE TURF, THE CHACE,

And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

Man of Pleasure, Enterprize & Spirit.

VOLUME THE ELEVENTH.

LONDON.

Printed for the PROPRIETOR, *and Sold by* J. WHEBLE,

N.º 18, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near S.t Paul's.

MDCCXCVIII

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE:

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Of the TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHASE, and every other DIVERSION interesting to the MAN of PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE, and SPIRIT.

For OCTOBER 1797.

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Embelliſhed with a beautiful Engraving of THE FARMER'S RETURN FROM THE CHACE; and an Etching of THE STAG HOUNDS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

And ſold by J. WHEBLE, No. 18. Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; John Hilton, at Newmarket; and by every Bookſeller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It gives us concern to ſay, that a packet containing ſeveral intereſting Letters and Articles came to hand too late for the preſent month's Magazine; the beſt uſe of them ſhall be made in our next publication.

THE
Sporting Magazine,

For OCTOBER, 1797.

ROYAL CHASE.

ASCOT Heath was appointed by his Majeſty for the place of Meeting on Saturday Sept. 30. The chaſe of the day is not worth recital; but it may be neceſſary to ſtate, that the deer, thought to be drowned near Virginia water on the Monday preceding, is alive and well, with his brethren of the herd, and may hereafter afford his famous purſuers another *two days* ſport.

HARRIERS,

On Monday Oct. 2, his Majeſty's Harriers were in waiting, by command, upon Maidenhead Thicket, by eleven; but the facinating powers of Mr. Kent, his favourite land ſurveyor, did not permit his Majeſty to reach the place of deſtination till half paſt two, attended by Lord Cheſterfield, General Gwynne, and General Hart. The firſt hare was moved in a few minutes after throwing off; and being almoſt inſtantly brought to a view of a mile, was ſo much diſtreſſed, as to have very little chance of eſcape; to effect which, ſhe however made ſome admirable efforts, in the incloſures, but in vain—ſhe was killed. A ſecond was ſoon found, and after very briſk and good running for half an hour, ſhared the ſame fate. At the very moment of "*Who! Whoup!*" a view hollow was given of a third, which proving a ſtout hare, afforded a variety of good running; when, after much manœuvring, *heads* and *doubles*, as well as equally good racing *in view*, ſhe was killed in the rick-yard of the Sun Inn, at Maidenhead, with a very few of thoſe preſent who were there when firſt found.

OBSERVATION.

Although we admire the great ſpeed and unprecedented excellence of theſe hounds, as well as the cool and ſteady judgment of Mr. Davis who hunts them, (and it is a gratification to ſee them kill in ſuch high ſtile) yet, as Sportſmen, we wiſh to "temper judgment with mercy;" and, upon that principle, can but regret their want of *a croſs*, with the *old Southern* hounds, that their game might have at leaſt a *diſtant chance* of ſtanding a little longer before them.

Theſe hounds will hunt the Maidenhead diſtrict *once* and *twice* a week during the ſeaſon.

STAG HOUNDS.

Tueſday Oct. 3, afforded ample compenſation for the diſappointments of the preceding week. Upon the arrival of his Majeſty, at Tower Hill, near Swinley, accompanied by Prince Earneſt, and attended by Lords Sandwich and Cheſterfield, with Gen. Gwynne, the famous "*Warfield Heavier,*" was turned out, and the Hounds

laid

laid on with very little *law*; going gallantly over the Bagſhot Hills, he croſſed Cæſar's Camp, and near to Wickham Buſhes, where, after excellent racing of five miles, the Hounds were headed and ſtopped. The pack having previouſly gained on him, he declined the conteſt in *open heath*, and bearing ſhort to the right, took towards Eaſthampſtead Park, the pailing of which he topped and paſſed through, ſkirted Wild Ridings, through Benfield, over Carter's Hill, Billingbear Park, Broad Common, and Hains's Hill; reached and paſſed through the ſheet of water coveriug Ruſcombe Lake, by the Church, over the Bath Road, and Wargrave Hills, till reaching the Park of Lord Malmſbury, near Henley, he there took to the Thames; when, after fluctuating between one ſide and the other for ſome time, he decided, unfortunately for himſelf, in taking the Oxfordſhire ſide, where the meadows were nearly under water, and no horſeman could go with ſafety; for after leaving the Thames, he in leſs than half a mile, finding his ſtreneth fail him, made one bold effort to recover the aſylum he had left; but juſt at the moment of reaching the water, the whole body of Hounds, "*ran into*, *pulled down*," and "*broke him up*," in the ſight of thoſe who anxiouſly wiſhed, but had not the power, to preſerve his life, after a moſt excellent chace of three hours; and by thoſe who do not know the country, ſome idea may be formed, when told he was killed eighteen miles from where he was turned out.

On Saturday, Oct. 7, a deer was turned out before his Majeſty's Hounds at Tower Hill, near Swinley. After a burſt of three quarters of an hour, he was killed at Old Bracknell.

On Tueſday, October the 10th, a deer was turned out before his Majeſty and uſual attendants, upon Tower Hill, going off in good ſtile for four or five miles: he then turned, faced his purſuers, and made a racing burſt to the great pond below Aſcot Heath, from which he could not be diſlodged for near an hour; when the hounds were again laid on, and taking the ſame circle, he once more took foil in oppoſition to every effort, and was there left to prevent further diſappointment. His Majeſty then ordered an outlying hind to be rouſed, and the hounds going away at her haunches, conſtituted a burſt of general emulation over the immenſe hills and dreary bottoms to Bagſhot Park, Golden Farmer Hills, the Obeliſk, and Blackwater mill; headed and returning over the contrary and ſteepeſt ſides of the ſame hills and bogs in bottom, where no horſe could lay any where near them, diſperſed the company in various directions, ſome being (although in ſight) at four or five miles diſtance, and running thus a burſt of uncommon ſpeed home to Swinley, (and for ſome miles cloſe to their games) finiſhed one of the beſt home chaces almoſt ever ſeen over the Heath.

On Tueſday October the 17th, his Majeſty and attendants arrived at Tower Hill about the uſual time, when a favourite running deer, called *Young Billy*, was inſtantly liberated, going directly for South Hill Park, (the ſeat of Sir Stephen Luſhington) he there took foil, and continued in the water a conſiderable time (during which, his Majeſty honoured Sir Stephen and Lady Luſhington with a cheerful converſation upon the ſubject of Admiral Duncan's glorious victory. The deer having at length left the water

water, went away in good ftile over the Heath, and through the inclofures of Eafthampftead, Bracknall, Warfield, Jealous Hill, and paffing over the commons near Brick Bridge, took fhort and imaginary fhelter in Shottifbrook Great Wood, from whence the hounds foon diflodged him; and coming away clofe at his haunches, continued the chace over the whole of Waltham Common, (more than two miles in view), where they run up to him, and he was taken unhurt, after a tolerable chace of two hours.

On Saturday, October 21, (in one of the fharpeft mornings generally known at this feafon) his Majefty did not arrive till rather late, and the field being numerous, the horfes in fine condition, foon felt and fhewed the ill effect of the fharp winds in the dreary heath. Upon his Majefty's appearance, (precifely at eleven) a very fine deer was uncarted, and hanging to Swinley, feemed exceedingly unwilling to leave the fpot; but the hounds being at length laid clofe at him, he was compelled to rely upon fpeed for fafety: croffed the Warren, paffed Martin's Heron, Bracknall, over Wick Hill, and to the Horfe-fhoes at Warfield. Here he turned, headed and doubled repeatedly, by which he brought the ftragglers to a general *focus* in the different lanes, conftituting a chafe of great inconveniency to thofe fportfmen who were anxioufly wifhing to crofs the country. After half an hour's circular running up on the fame fpot, he was once more compelled to break away, croffed Warfield Park, over the commons by Winkfield Row, to the end of Hatchet-lane, the whole of which he ran through in the direct road, made a point for Sand-Pit Gate; but turning to the left, paffed Cranbourn and Gloucefter Lodges, croffed Clewer Green, near which, after various fhort turns and frequent views, he was fo clofely preffed as to fubmit; and was taken in a farm-yard, after a chafe of an hour and three quarters; the latter part of which was excellent running.

On Tuefday October 24th, a deer was turned out before his Majefty, Lord Chefterfield, Gen. Gwynne, General Garth, and the ufual attendants; croffing the country in a direct line, he was taken at Hurft, after an indifferent run of two hours. General Gwynne difplays much more of the *genuine unadulterate* fportfman, than the effeminate courtier, for he is the only attendant upon Majefty, who *rides boldly* up to the hounds. We are forry that the place of *turning out* being fo invariably the fame, affords fo little variety in the recital of each chace.

BERKELEY HOUNDS.

THE "Berkeley Hounds," of whofe *fame* we heretofore heard fo much (fays a Correfpondent), feems *lulled* to an *apathy*, from which the jarring difcord and diffenting opinions of different fubfcribers, are but little calculated to *roufe* them. "New Lords, new laws," is an adage of long ftanding and great truth, as much perhaps in this cafe as many others. We do not venture to affirm, but we have the privilege to fuppofe, that amidft the various caprices and depravities of human nature, there may be gradationate *compliances* expected, between Peers, Baronets, and M. P's, on *one* fide, that may not be *acceded* to on the *other*. It is well known in the fporting world, without the aid of *our* pre-

dictions, that a struggle for superiority (in the management of the pack) amongst the members, is the ruin of half the subscription packs in the kingdom. Not so with Calvert's, where there is a *partes equales* of power as in the chase: they hunt this season only *twice* a week, and have hitherto *killed* on each day.

LAST MEETING AT NEWMARKET.

THE last meeting at Newmarket, will be numerously attended by those wishing to become purchasers of blood horses for the chase; as the present scarcity of specie and dearth of turf, adventurers absolutely bring more to the hammer this autumn, than remembered upon any former occasion. This brings to mind the present state of the *Cock Pit*; the breed is continued, but not a single speculator, or *feathered flat* can be found to fight a main. Alas! where are your Bromleys, Goodalls, Walters, Lysters, Watlings, &c.?

N. B. Little M——t fought one main, lost every battle, and retires from the *sod*. It seems he is as lucky at *Cricket* as in *Cocking*.

THE FARMER'S RETURN FROM THE CHACE.

Vide Mag. for Dec. 1796, page 112.

AN Artist of some celebrity thinking the above subject as worthy of his pencil, we patronized the attempt, and placed the drawing in the hands of Mr. Scott, who has furnished the annexed Engraving. With what degree of success the task has been executed by the Designer and Engraver, we leave to our customers to determine.

To the EDITOR of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

YOUR Correspondent I. I. B. having in the last Number favoured you with a paradoxical opinion upon the Game Laws, I must claim the privilege of saying a few words upon the same subject; but, well aware that writing against the *existing laws* would not only prove a *libellous* experiment, but be probably the means of expeditiously conveying the *opinionist* to St. George's Fields, I shall not presume to offer a single word upon their *justice*, *equity*, or *prudence*, to the revenue, but advert for a few moments to their effect. To speak personally, and with strict truth, I must confess, that after *sporting* a brace of *good* pointers, and a gun of no *inferior* excellence for near *twenty* years without a *tax* upon *either*, I felt the independence of my spirit so insulted by the accumulation of the tax, and the consequent increase of, and public protection to, *poachers* in every part of the kingdom, that I practised a degree of *self-denial*, and relinquished a favourite pursuit, rather than become the dupe of any scheme that administration may chuse to adopt, for the *support* of *their power*, or a *display* of their *dignity*. Nor would it, I conceive, afford singular satisfaction to the *mild benignant* Lord Berkeley, to be *authentically* informed, that not *ten* days since, I saw *three hares* delivered to three passengers of a *Western* stage in Hounslow, at four shillings each; or that I frequently observe *poachers* in the very act of taking the *hares* out of the flue nets, in the meuses of the hedges, in the neighbourhood of Cranford Bridge, in my evening excursions from town, to hunt with the stag hounds on the following mornings. Your's

October 20, 1797. VERITAS.

THE

Satchell del. J. Scott sculp^t

THE FARMER's RETURN FROM THE CHACE.

Vide Mag. for Decr. 1796, page 112

Publish'd Novr. 1-1797, by J. Wheble, Warwick Court.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

CHEAP LIVING,

A New Comedy from the pen of Reynolds, was performed on Saturday night, October 21, for the first time.—The characters were thus represented:

Sir Edw. Bloomly,	*Mrs Jordan.*
Spunge,	*Mr. Bannister jun.*
Young Woodland,	*Mr. C. Kemble.*
Old Woodland,	*Mr. Suet.*
Farmer Cole,	*Mr. Dowton.*
Scatter,	*Mr. Palmer.*
Eleanor Bloomly,	*Miss Decamp.*
Stella,	*Miss Stuart.*
Mrs. Scatter,	*Miss Pope.*

Scene—A Seaport Town.

THE FABLE.

Young Woodland, while on a visit to his uncle at Marseilles, rescues a Young Lady from the hands of robbers: her servant being wounded, she is unable to proceed in her journey, and Young Woodland conducts her to a lonely inn, where, under a promise of marriage, he betrays her. At the instigation of his uncle, he leaves her, and she flies to England. Struck with remorse, he pursues her. At this period the Comedy commences.—She is lodging at a farm-house, waiting her brother's arrival. Sir Edward (the experienced boy) arrives, and, after an interview with his sister, in which she explained to him that she travelled by the name of Campbell, and left her father's picture at Montpelier, he pays a visit to his friend, Young Woodland, and, whilst waiting in the room for him, he sees his father's portrait. Woodland enters. Sir Edward inquiring how the picture came there, the other informs him of the seduction; and concludes with saying, the lady in her hurry to escape from him, left that picture behind her. Sir Edward asks her name. Woodland (only knowing her by her assumed name) answers Campbell. The injured brother smothers his resentment, and, to conceal his sister's shame, steals the picture.

In the last act, Miss Bloomly is accidentally found by Young Woodland's servant in the possession of the picture; he accuses her of robbery, and takes her before Old Woodland, the Magistrate. Here the mystery is developed; Young Woodland and Sir Edward going out to fight, Miss Bloomly throws herself between them, and Woodland, for the first time, finds he is the seducer of his friend's sister. After an explanation, Sir Edward forgives Woodland, and he and Eleanor are married.

The under plot displays the art of "*Cheap Living.*" Spunge is a fellow who lives upon every body; who, like many characters, without an invitation, dines at one house, sups at another, and takes a bed at a third. In pursuing his economical system. Spunge exposes the villainy of a female *Faro Banker* and her husband. To Sir Edward he is likewise a hanger on, and proves that the true mode of living cheap consists in not saving by *retail* at home, but *wholesale*, by having no home at all.

There is another under-plot, in which Mr. and Mrs. Scatter, two bankrupt gamesters, who, by their hypocrisy, have gotten into the confidence of Old Woodland, are the leading characters. Through their falsehoods the latter is induced to disinherit his son; but, by the contrivance of Sir Edward Bloomly (the brother of Eleanor) a youth only sixteen years of age, who throughout the play affects the manners of a man, their villanous

nous intentions are expofed, and themfelves difcharged with ignominy from Woodland Hall.

EEMARKS.

To Mr. Reynolds the public is much indebted for fome of its beft Theatrical Amufements. If they cannot ftand the teft of criticifm, they at leaft afford much merriment. The defign of the ingenious Auhor is therefore fully anfwered; and the liberal part of the audience feel and applaud his fuccefsful efforts.

This Comedy is a very happy fatire on modern manners; and the prominent characters are to be met with in every fociety. If a particular exception were made, we would ftate the improbability of the youthful Sir Edward Bloomly; but he is actuated by fuch honourable feelings, commixed with fuch a vein of pleafantry, that the aufterity of judgment becomes foftened into a congeniality of fentiment. It was admirably performed by Mrs. Jordan, who feemed refolved to aid the Author by the beft difplay of her talents.

In Eleanor Bloomly, Mifs Decamp ufed her utmoft endeavours; but in feveral inftances fhe was deficient of that pathos to which the Author certainly meant to advance. Another reprefentation, however, will improve the performance, and remove a few objections in a deferved favourite with the public.

Stella, by Mifs Stuart, had many commendable qualities. This young lady, by attention to the Theatric Art, may foon become as ufeful as fhe is agreeable.

Mifs Pope had not fufficient fcope for her talents. She was, however, not the lefs emulous, and handled the *dice box* with the ardency of a Black Leg.

Of the men, Bannifter's Spunge had much humurous extravagance. It is a character to be feen in moft families. It is very correctly drawn, though we can beftow no praife on it as an original fketch. If we miftake not, the actor is much indebted to the author for inftructions which have transfufed fome of the active peculiarities of Lewis to Jack Bannifter, now calculated to adventure in Vapid.

Mr. C. Kemble appeared to much advantage in Young Woodland. The interview between him and Sir Edward, when the latter feels a juft indignation for the injuries of his amiable fifter, is rendered highly interefting by the genius of the performers; and the difcovery that the very fame young Lady is the fifter of Sir Edward, excites in his mind the moft honourable emotions, and commands the efteem and applaufe of the audience.

Scatter may alfo be ranked as one of the portraits of modern times. It is a very excellent fatire on the infolence of riches; and fome of our overgrown Citizens will blufh at the reprefentation.

The Prologue and Epilogue are afcribed to Taylor's Mufe. The compenfation of both merits many encomiums, particularly the former, containing fome elegant compliments to the greateft poetical genius of which our nation can boaft.

Cheap Living will be the attraction of many, who will behold their own pictures reflected as if in a mirror. It partakes fomething of the ftyle of Foote, Cumberland, and O'Keeffe; and its fecond reprefentation was announced for the next night with the moft flattering plaudits of a very numerous audience.

THE HORSE, FROM BUFFON'S NATURAL HISTORY.

Tranſlated from the French.

Continued from page 297 *of Vol. X.*

HORSES generally gallop upon the right foot in the ſame manner as they ſet out in walking or trotting, with the right fore leg. In galloping, they firſt cut the road with the right fore-leg, which is farther advanced than the left; and the right hind-leg, which immediately follows the right fore-leg, is likewiſe farther advanced than the left-hind-leg. Hence the left leg, which bears the whole weight, and puſhes the others forward, has the greateſt fatigue; ſo that it would be proper to learn horſes to gallop alternately upon the left and right legs; becauſe it would enable them to continue this violent motion much longer. This is practiſed at the menage, but perhaps for no other reaſon, but becauſe, in galloping round a circle, the centre of which is ſometimes on the right, and ſometimes on the left, the rider is frequently obliged to change his hand.

In walking, the horſe raiſes his feet very little above the ſurface; in trotting, he elevates them a little more; and, in galloping, ſtill higher. The walk ought to be ſmart, light, and ſure; the trot ſhould be firm, quick, and equally ſupported, and the fore legs puſhed with rapidity by the hind ones. The trotting horſe ſhould carry his head pretty high, and keep his body ſtraight; for, if the haunches riſe and fall alternately at every moment, and if the crupper rocks, the animal is too weak for this motion. To throw the fore-legs out is another fault, they ought always to be on the ſame line with thoſe behind, and to efface their prints*. When one of the hind-legs moves, and if the fore leg on the ſame ſide reſts too long, the movement becomes hard by this reſiſtance. It is for this reaſon, that the interval between the two beats of the trot ought to be ſhort; but, however ſhort it may be, this reſiſtance is ſufficient to make the trot harder than the walk or gallop.

The ſpring of the hocks contributes as much to the motions of galloping as that of the loins. While the latter makes an effort to elevate and puſh forward the anterior parts, the ſpring of the hocks breaks the ſtroke and ſoftens the ſhock. Hence the more uniform and ſtrong the ſpring of the hocks, the gallop is ſofter and more rapid.

Though walking, trotting, and galloping, be the natural and ordinary movements of horſes, yet ſome of them have another natural motion, known by the name of *ambling*, or pacing, which is very different from the other three; and though leſs quick than the hard trot or gallop, it appears, at firſt ſight, to be extremely fatiguing to the animal. The foot of the horſe, in this movement, grazes the ſurface ſtill nearer than in walking, and each ſtep is much longer. But, what is ſingular, to make a pace, the two legs of the ſame ſide part from the ground at the ſame time, the fore and hind leg, for example, of the right ſide, and then the two legs of the left ſide; ſo that each ſide of the body alternately want ſupport, which muſt greatly fatigue the animal, who is obliged to ſupport a balance forced by the rapidity of a movement which is hardly elevated above

* Here the author differs from all our expert horſemen, who uniformly prefer thoſe horſes which go wider behind than before; becauſe horſes of this kind are not ſo apt to cut their legs, are more agile in their movements, and can ſupport greater fatigue in long journies, &c.

above the ground; for nothing but the rapidity of the motion, and the ſmallneſs of the elevation, could poſſibly prevent the creature from falling on his ſide. In the motion of pacing, as in that of trotting, there are only two beats. This movement, which is very laborious to the horſe, and in which he ought not to be indulged except on ſmooth ground, is very eaſy to the rider; it has not the hardneſs of the trot, becauſe the hind leg moves along with the fore one, and creates no reſiſtance to the motion. We are told by connoiſſeurs, that horſes which naturally amble, never trot, and that they are much weaker than thoſe which have no ſuch movement. Colts, indeed, often aſſume this mode of moving, when forced to go quick, and when they have not ſtrength enough to trot or to gallop; and even good horſes, after being fatigued, or when they begin to decay, are apt, when puſhed, to amble ſpontaneouſly *.

The amble may be therefore regarded as a motion occaſioned by weakneſs or defect. But there are two other movements aſſumed ſpontaneouſly by weak or decayed horſes, which are ſtill more defective than that of the amble, and are known by the name of *broken ambles*. The one is a motion between walking and ambling, and the other between trotting and galloping. Both proceed from great fatigue, or weakneſs in the loins, and are conſpicuous in many of our hackney and poſt-horſes.

Of all quadrupeds, the horſe poſſeſſes, along with grandeur of ſtature, the greateſt elegance and proportion of parts. By comparing him with the animals immediately above or below him, we find that the aſs is ill made; that the head of the lion is too large; that the limbs of the ox are too ſlender and too ſhort, in proportion to the ſize of his body; that the camel is deformed; and that the groſſer animals, as the rhinoceros and elephant, may be conſidered as rude and ſhapeleſs maſſes. The great difference between the head of man and that of the quadrupeds, conſiſts in the length of their jaws, which is the moſt ignoble of all characters. But, though the jaws of the horſe be very long, he has not, like the aſs, an air of imbecility, nor, like the ox, of ſtupidity. The regularity and proportion of the parts of his head give him a light and ſprightly aſpect, which is well ſupported by the beauty of his cheſt. He elevates his head, as if anxious to exalt himſelf above the condition of quadrupeds. In this noble attitude, he regards man face to face. His eyes are open and lively, his ears handſome and of a proper height, being neither too long, like thoſe of the aſs, nor too ſhort, like thoſe of the bull. His mane adorns his neck, and gives him the appearance of ſtrength and of courage. His long buſhy tail covers and terminates with advantage the extremity of his body. His tail, very different from the ſhort tails of the deer, elephant, &c. and from the naked tails of the aſs, camel, rhinoceros, &c. is formed of long thick hairs which ſeem to ariſe from his crupper, becauſe the trunk from which they proceed, is very ſhort. He cannot, like the lion, elevate his tail, but, though pendulous, it becomes him better. And, as he can move it from ſide to ſide, it ſerves him to drive off the flies which incommode him; for, though his ſkin be very firm, and well garniſhed with cloſe hair, it is extremely ſenſible.

The attitude of the head and neck

* See l'Ecole de Cavalerie de M, de la Gueriniere, p. 77.

neck contributes more than all the other parts of his body, to give him a graceful aſpect. The ſuperior part of the neck from which the mane iſſues, ſhould firſt riſe in a ſtraight line from the withers, and then, as it approaches the head, from a curve nearly ſimilar to that of a ſwan's neck. The inferior part of the neck ſhould have no curvature, but riſe in a ſtraight line from the poitrel, or breaſt, to the under jaw, with a ſmall inclination forward. If it roſe in a perpendicular direction, its ſymmetry and gracefulneſs would be diminiſhed. The ſuperior part of the neck ſhould be thin, with little fleſh near the mane, which ought to be garniſhed with long delicate hair. A fine neck ſhould be long and elevated, but proportioned to the general ſize of the animal. When too long, the horſe commonly throws back his head; and, when too ſhort and fleſhy, the head is heavy to the hand. The moſt advantageous poſition of the head is, when the front is perpendicular to the horizon.

The head of a horſe ſhould be thin and meagre, and not too long. The ears ſhould be ſmall, erect, but not too ſtiff, narrow, and placed on the upper part of the head, at a proper diſtance from each other. The front ſhould be narrow and a little convex; the eye-pits, or hollows between the eyes and ears, well filled, and the eye-lids thin; the eyes ſhould be pretty large and prominent, clear, lively, and full of fire; the pupil ſhould be rather large, the under jaw a little thick, but not fleſhy; the noſe ſomewhat arched, the noſtrils open and deep, and divided by a thin ſeptum or partition. The mouth ſhould be delicate and moderately ſplit, lips thin, withers ſharp and elevated, the ſhoulders flat, and not confined; the back equal, a little arched lengthways, and raiſed on each ſide of the back bone, which ought to have the appearance of being ſunk; the flanks ſhould be ſhort and full, the crupper round and plump, the haunches well furniſhed with muſcular fleſh, the dock or fleſhy part of the tail firm and thick, the thighs large and fleſhy, the hock round before, broad on the ſides, and tendinous behind; the ſhank thin before, and broad on the ſides; the tendon (or tendo Achillis) prominent, ſtrong, and well detached from the leg-bone, and the fetlock ſomewhat prominent, and garniſhed with a ſmall tuft of long hair behind; the paſterns ſhould be of a middling length, and pretty large; the coronet a little elevated, the hoof black, ſolid, and ſhining, the inſtep high, the quarters round, the heels broad, and a little prominent, the frog thin and ſmall, and the ſole thick and concave.

Few horſes poſſeſs all theſe perfections. The eyes are ſubject to many faults, which it is often difficult to diſtinguiſh. In a ſound eye, two or three ſoot-coloured ſpots appear through the cornea above the pupil; for, unleſs the cornea be clean and tranſparent, theſe ſpots cannot be ſeen. When the pupil is ſmall, long, and narrow, or ſurrounded with a white circle, or when it is of a greeniſh blue colour, the eye is unqueſtionably bad *.

Without entering into a long detail, the following general remarks will enable the reader to form a judgment of the principal perfections and imperfections of a horſe. The motion of the ear affords a tolerable criterion: when a horſe walks, the points of his ears

* There are many other marks of bad eyes; but, as their colour depends much on the light in which they are viewed, little information can be derived from it.

ſhould incline forwards; when fatigued, his ears hang down; and, when angry, or of a malignant diſpoſition, he points alternately one of his ears forwards, and another backwards. Every horſe turns his ears to that ſide from which he hears any noiſe; and when ſtruck on the back or on the crupper, he turns his ears backward. Horſes with hollow eyes, or with one eye ſmaller than the other, have generally a bad ſight. Thoſe whoſe mouths are dry have not ſuch good conſtitutions as thoſe that have moiſt mouths, and foam with the bit *. The ſhoulders of a ſaddle-horſe ſhould be flat, ſupple, and not too fleſhy. A draught-horſe, on the contrary, ought to have thick, round, fleſhy ſhoulders. If, however, the ſhoulders of a ſaddle horſe be too meagre, and the bones advance too much through the ſkin, it is an indication that his ſhoulders are not free, and that, of courſe, he will be unable to undergo much fatigue. Another defect of a ſaddle-horſe is to have the poitrel, or breaſt, too prominent, and the fore-legs inclined or placed too far backward; becauſe, in this caſe, he is ſubject to lean heavy upon the hand in galloping, and even to ſtumble and fall. The length of the legs ſhould be proportioned to the ſtature of the horſe. When the fore-legs are too long, he is not ſteady on his feet; and, when too ſhort, he bears heavy on the hand. It has been remarked, that mares are more liable than horſes to be low before, and that ſtone-horſes have thicker necks than mares or geldings.

[*To be continued*]

* A dry or wet mouth is a conſequence of the particular ſtate of the body at the time; and, therefore, can be no indication of the general conſtitution or ſtrength of a horſe.

CRICKET MATCHES.

ON Thurſday September 21, and four following days (Sunday excepted), a Grand Match of Cricket was played in Lord's Ground, Mary-le-bone, between Eleven Gentlemen of the Mary-le-bone Club, againſt Eleven of England, for One Thouſand Guineas.

This Match was made by Lord Yarmouth and the Honourable H. Tufton.

ENGLAND.

FIRST INNINGS.

Robinſon	3	b. J. Wells.
Bennet	7	b. Ditto.
H. Walker	9	b. Ld. F. Beaucl.
T. Walker	0	c. H. Tufton.
Ayleward	7	b. Wells.
Small, jun.	5	c. H. Tufton.
Fennex	12	b. Wells.
Freemantle	15	c. Ditto.
Ray	0	b. Ditto.
Purchaſe	7	not out.
Boxall	7	c. W. Barton.
Byes	1	
	73	

SECOND INNINGS.

Robinſon	11	b. Ld. F. Beaucl.
Bennet	0	c. Ditto.
H. Walker	3	b. Hammond.
T. Walker	49	b. Ld. F. Beaucl.
Ayleward	23	c. Col. Lenox.
Small, jun.	26	b. Hammond.
Fennex	3	c. Ditto.
Freemantle	8	leg before wicket
Ray	22	c. Hammond.
Purchaſe	5	not out.
Byes	1	
	151	

Boxall did not play in the Second Innings.

MARY-

MARY-LE-BONE CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.

Col. Bligh	2	b. Boxall.
J. Wells	22	b. Ditto.
Ld. F. Beaucl.	1	c. Bennet,
J. Tufton	0	c. Ray.
Hammond	21	b. T. Walker.
H. Tufton	2	b. Fennex.
Beldam	55	not out.
W. Barton	0	c. Fennex.
Graham	3	b. Ditto.
Lord	4	c. H. Walker.
Col. Lenox	0	b. T. Walker.
Byes	0	
	110	

SECOND INNINGS.

Ld. F. Beaucl.	3	b. Purchafe.
J. Tufton	35	not out.
Hammond	24	b. Fennex.
H. Tufton	24	not out.
Beldam	17	c. H. Walker.
W. Barton	5	b. Purchafe.
Lord	4	c. Bennet.
Col. Lenox	2	c. Fennex.
Byes	1	
	115	

The Honourable Colonel Bligh and J. Wells did not play in the Second Innings.

On Wednefday, September 27, a Grand Match of Cricket was played in the Barrack Field at Woolwich, between Eleven of Kent, againft Eleven of Surrey, for Five Hundred Guineas.

KENT.

FIRST INNINGS.

Kirkman	11	b. Burgefs.
W. Read	8	c. Cheel.
C. Read	25	b. Hodgfkins.
T. Ward	1	run out.
J. Ward	70	c. R. Walpole.
Smith	0	c. Cheel.
Crowhurft	0	b. Hodgfkins.
Swindell	26	b. Burgefs.
Knatt	24	b. R. Walpole.
Hounfam	1	run out.
Stellman	0	not out.
Byes	8	
	174	

SECOND INNINGS.

Kirkman	1	b. Newberry.
W. Read	0	b. Cheel.
C. Read	66	b. Burgefs.
T. Ward	12	b. Newberry.
J. Ward	5	not out.
Smith	0	b. R. Walpole.
Crowhurft	21	b. Newberry.
Swindell	10	c. Alfree.
Knatt	0	run out.
Hounfam	2	b. Burgefs.
Stellman	8	b. Ditto.
Byes	6	
	131	

SURREY.

FIRST INNINGS.

Newberry	13	b. J. Ward.
Talmafh	11	b. C. Read.
Hodgfkins	7	b. Ditto.
Burgefs	11	b. J. Ward.
Mills	10	c. Hounfam.
Cheel	5	b. J. Ward.
Alfree	1	c. C. Read.
R. Walpole	1	b. Ditto.
Goldring	2	c. Hounfam.
Vaux	1	run out.
Wakelin	0	not out.
Byes	2	
	64	

SECOND INNINGS.

Newberry	7	not out.
Talmafh	3	c. T. Ward.
Hodgfkins	0	b. C. Read.

Burgefs

Burgefs	13 b. Ditto.
Mills	18 b. J. Ward.
Cheel	5 b. C. Read.
Alfree	10 b. J. Ward.
R. Walpole	3 b. C. Read.
Goldring	0 c. Crowhurft.
Vaux	0 b. C. Read.
Wakelin	3 c. Hounfam.
Byes	0
	62

On Wednefday, September 27. and the following day, a Grand Single Match of Cricket was played on Siddon Common, near Colebrook, between J. Jones, Efq. and J. Howard, Efq. with two men given on each fide, for One Hundred Guineas a-fide.

J. JONES, Efq.

FIRST INNINGS.

Jones	3 c. Talmafh.
Collins	7 b. Howard.
Moor	1 b. Ditto.
	11

SECOND INNINGS.

Jones	6 b. Howard.
Collins	4 b. Ditto.
Moor	21 run out.
	31

J. HOWARD, Efq.

FIRST INNINGS.

Howard	5 b. Jones.
Talmafh	27 b. Ditto.
Hale	4 b. Ditto.
	36

SECOND INNINGS.

Howard	5 b. Collins.
Talmafh	4 not out.
	9

On Wednefday, October 4, a Grand Match of Cricket was played at Brockenhurft, near Lyndhurft, E. Morant, Efq. with ten others, againft eleven Gentlemen of the White Swan Club, Portfmouth, for One Hundred Guineas, which was won by the latter, with fix wickets to go down. The latter part of the day proving fine, a great number of perfons were prefent. There were feveral turns in the game, and much money fported on the occafion.

BROCKENHURST.

FIRST INNINGS.

Morant	22 c. Monday.
Finch	5 hit wicket.
Gulliver	0 b. Monday.
Barnes	0 b. Monday.
Payne	5 c. Lewis.
Martin	1 c. Friend.
Colfon	12 run out.
Crouch	2 b. Melvin.
Bartholomew	7 b. Monday.
Pinnick	2 not out.
Collis	3 run out.
Byes	0
	59

SECOND INNINGS.

Morant	2 run out.
Finch	7 run out.
Gulliver	0 b. Monday.
Barnes	5 not out.
Payne	1 b. Monday.
Martin	5 c. Fifher.
Colfon	3 b. Melvin.

Crouch

Crouch	9	run out.
Bartholomew	0	b. Monday.
Pinnick	0	b. Monday.
Collis	2	c. Whitcombe.
Byes	0	
	34	

PORTSMOUTH.

FIRST INNINGS.

Cotten	4	b. Finch.
Monday	3	b. Finch.
Stewart	7	b. Finch.
Fiſher	0	b. Finch.
Mottley	27	c. Colſon.
Friend	16	c. Finch.
Whitcombe	12	c. Martin.
Lewis	6	not out.
Brown	0	b. Bartholomew.
Howell	3	b. Finch.
Melvin	4	not out.
Byes	0	
	82	

SECOND INNINGS.

Cotten	1	run out.
Monday	3	hit wicket.
Fiſher	0	run out.
Friend	1	not out.
Lewis	5	not out.
Melvin	2	run out.
Byes	0	
	12	

AGRICULTURE.

FIRST REPORT FOR SEPTEMBER.

IT is our unpleaſant taſk to report a continuation of the moſt unfavourable harveſt that England has known for many years.

The wheat had materially ſuffered by blight or mildew on moſt of the tender ſoils: this of itſelf would have proved ſufficiently diſaſtrous, without the additional misfortune of the chief part of the beſt crops being either ill got up from the inceſſant rains, or remaining on the ground in a growing ſtate, through moſt of the diſtricts in the iſland.—The central ſhires, Suſſex and Hants, and many of the Weſtern counties, come more ſeriouſly within the latter deſcription; and our accounts from ſome parts of the North repreſent their Corn to be at this time in ſo backward a ſtate, as ſcarcely to promiſe ripening at all. The new Wheats riſe ſlowly from the flail, and light; few of the beſt ſamples reach 59lb. when laſt year the prime runs were 64lb. the Wincheſter buſhel; the rough chaffed corn this year has received moſt damage from the weather, and therefore handles the coldeſt. From the ſcarcity of hands, the harveſting has proved one of the moſt expenſive alſo that ever was known.

Flour, to the diſgrace of our internal police, bears a price far beyond that which the advance of Corn can juſtify; and ſo it will probably continue, until the Legiſlature ſhall lay an aſſize upon the various kinds of meal, in proportion to the average and varying prices of Wheat.

Barley turns out a partial crop; on warm good lands the bulk is great; on cold wet ones, they prove thin and light. The oats are much injured by the weather, and the Fen harveſt of them has turned out ſo bad, that a conſiderable part of the year's growth is loſt, while the remainder has been got up in an unproductive ſtate: the ſoft Corn ſtraw will in general be fit for little more than to tread to dung.

Beans and Peaſe have podded ill, and will not riſe in proportion to the bulk of ſtraw, which has been great.

Pota-

Potatoes are every where abundant.

Clover feed is expected to average a fair crop. The Rape has planted well generally for feed. The Clover leys plough well for Wheat sowing; but the Bean and Pea Eddishes are in general so foul, as to require good easing about.

Hops turn out more than half a crop; but the severe winds and red rot, have prevailed too violently to allow of many fine samples.

The Wool trade has declined a little since our last.

Smithfield has had a liberal supply of good Beef the two or three last markets, which has occasioned a drop in that article. Good Mutton continues scarce and dear as ever. Hogs being much sought for by the distillers, are worth 4s. per stone. Lean cattle are fortunately become more plentiful, and hourly declining in price: large droves of short horned Oxen and Steers are now passing through the Northern counties for the Midland and Southern fairs, and have been refused on their drift at moderate prices. The South Down Sheep and Lambs, have not decreased from last year's estimation or value!

SECOND REPORT.

The incessant continuance of rain during the whole month, has been attended over the whole island with the most ruinous effects, in every department of Agricultural business.

In the Western and Southern counties, the crops were generally housed previously to the commencement of the rains. Such crops as had not been secured in those districts, and almost the whole of the crops in other districts, have, however, either been destroyed after being cut, got in at great expence, or still on the ground, lodged or run to straw. From Ireland our reports are not more favourable; the incessant floods of rain, for eight weeks, having so much lodged or blighted the wheat, and injured the patatoes, as to threaten an unparalleled scarcity. In Scotland, the effects of rain have been somewhat corrected by the strong gales from the west. Fortunately no scarcity has yet been felt in the London markets; the sales being very dull, and the average price of wheat, in Mark-lane, being on the 29th of September, 54s. 9¼. or 2s. per quarter less than on the preceding market day.

The turnips being a good crop every where, and the latter keep also very abundant, prices of stock and store beasts are still advancing. Beef, on the 29th, sold in Smithfield, for 3s. 2d. to 3s 8d. and mutton 3s, 4d. to 4s. per stone of eight pounds.

Horses are very low, and scarcely to be turned into money at any price.

The fallows have been ruined for want of dry ploughing; and, from a similar cause, there is at present the prospect of a very bad and precarious seed-time.

ON THE REQUISITE QUALIFICATIONS OF CATTLE, AND HINTS ON THEIR IMPROVEMENT.

ON all soils, and in every situation, mountains and fens excepted, cattle are requisite in their three capacities of dairy, stock, beasts of draft, and grazing stock.

On all soils, and in every situation, milk is a necessary of life.

On all soils, and in every situation, beef is an article of human food.

On

On all ſoils, and in every ſituation, fens and mountains excepted, beaſts of draft are neceſſary.

In every culturable ſituation, the three are requiſite; and they are the principal requiſites of cattle in every ſituation.

Hence the requiſite qualifications of cattle are the ſame in every ſituation.

Theſe qualifications form an intereſting ſubject of inquiry.

Draft requires a cleanneſs of limb, a depth of carcaſe, a thriving conſtitution, and a head unencumbered with horns.

Milk the ſame: carcaſe is requiſite; and horns not only uſeleſs, but dangerous.

Beef the ſame, except a depth of carcaſe; and whether, in the preſent ſtate of ſociety in this country, a lightneſs of fore quarters is, or is not, eligible, appears to be a matter of doubt.

Upon the whole, I think we may ſafely conclude, that all cattle ought to have the ſame points; the only poſſible difference requiſite being that of ſize; and this, ſoil and climature would give in a great degree.

In a light-ſoiled upland ſituation, the ſame breed of cattle which, on a deep ſtrong ſoil, and genial climature, were luſty and powerful in frame, would become comparatively light and active. But whether we conſider cattle as beaſts of draft, or as grazing or dairy ſtock, this change would be moſt deſirable.

It is not my intention to recommend, to breeders in general, the adoption of one univerſal breed of cattle, but to ſhow you that no inconveniency whatever would ariſe to the community, were the various breeds, of this kingdom at leaſt, reduced to one. Nor, after the change were effected, would there, I apprehend, any inconveniency accrue to individuals.

At preſent, however, we have ſeveral very valuable breeds of cattle in the iſland; and, in the diſtrict in which theſe ſuperior breeds are eſtabliſhed, it would, I am clearly of opinion, be more eligible to improve the eſtabliſhed breeds, than to introduce new ones.

Nevertheleſs, there are other diſtricts of the iſland, whoſe preſent breeds of cattle are incapable of being rendered, in any moderate length of time, fit for the three grand purpoſes of cattle.

In theſe diſtricts, therefore, a freſh breed is requiſite; and it certainly behoves the owners and occupiers of them to introduce the moſt perfect breed the iſland at preſent affords, or to raiſe a freſh variety, and reach ſtill nearer perfection.

To aſcertain the perfection of cattle in their joint and ſeveral capacities of beaſts of draft, dairy, and grazing ſtock, is a matter of the firſt importance in rural affairs; but the ſubject having never, perhaps, been agitated, no man may, at preſent, be equal to it: it is, however, a ſubject to which I have paid more than common attention; and I will here ſet down what I conceive, at preſent, to be the moſt deſirable qualities of cattle, viewed generally in their three capacities. The ſketch may, at leaſt, throw ſome light on the ſubject, and may be ſerviceable to thoſe who ſhall have occaſion to think upon its practice.

The head ſmall and clean, to leſſen the quantity of offal, and to give a livelineſs of diſpoſition; and hornleſs, for conveniency in draft, and for general ſafety; with the noſtrils wide, for eaſe in work, and the eye bright and placid, and docility in the ſame intention.

The neck thin and clean, to give lightneſs to the fore end, as well as to leſſen the collar, and make it fit

close and easy to the animal in the work.

The carcase large, and chest deep, and the bosom broad, with the ribs standing out full from the spine, to give strength of frame, and constitution, and to admit of the intestines being lodged within the ribs, thereby giving freedom to activity, and beauty to the general form.

The shoulders light of bone, and rounded off at the lower point, that the collar may lay easy; but broad, to give strength, and well covered with flesh for the greater ease of draft, as well as to furnish a desired point of fattening cattle.

The back throughout wide and lively, as a receptacle of beef, the spine being straight from the withers to the tail, to please the eye, and perhaps to give a due proportion and arrangement of parts.

The quarters long, lying up high, and standing wide at the nache, to give size to the prime joints, and symmetry of the form.

The thighs thin, and standing narrow at the round bone, to give safety to the dam, and activity to her produce; and, perhaps, for various other reasons.

The udder large when full, but loose and thin when empty, that it may contain the greater quantity of milk, with large *dug veins* to fill it; and with long elastic teats, for the greater ease in drawing it off.

The legs (below the knee and hock) straight, and of a middle length; their bone, in general, light and clean from fleshliness, to lessen the quantity of offal; but with the joints and sinews of a moderate size, for the purposes of strength and activity.

The flesh mellow, in the state of fleshliness, and firm, in the state of fatness; these being, I apprehend, the best criterions of the flesh of cattle; the back and sides being covered, in either state, as evenly as the carcase of this species of animal is capable of being covered, to give as even a distribution as possible of flesh and fat, with a proportionable quantity of the latter on the inside, to enable men to gratify their sight, while they are gratifying their appetites with that laid on without, and perhaps to endeavour to lessen the present import of foreign tallow, apparently enormous and inordinate.

The hide mellow, and of a middle thickness; this appearing to be, on the whole, the best; but the proper thickness of the hide is, perhaps, less understood than any other property belonging to cattle. Breeders, dairymen, arable farmers, and graziers, differ much in their opinion respecting it; and the leather-seller, perhaps, has not yet been consulted.

The colour—any which can be joined with the foregoing qualifications; it being, perhaps, of little if any essential import. If I had the choice of it, it should be white, or nearly approaching that colour.

The constitution free from hereditary disorders, and inheriting the property of hardiness, whether by this term be understood a superior faculty of bearing hard weather, hard fare, or hard work; as well as that of milking well on good keep, while milk is drawn; and of fattening quickly, and at an early age, when milk is not required.

There are several breeds of cattle in the island, which come so near this description, that, with attention and perseverance, they might, in no great length of time, be brought perhaps sufficiently near perfection, except with respect to horns.

These are the breeds of Herefordshire, Gloucestershire, and South Wales, middle horned breeds; the

the ſhort and middle horned breeds of Yorkſhire; the Suſſex, a middle horned breed; with thoſe of Devonſhire and Somerſetſhire, of the middle caſt of horn, but ſomewhat long.

In yoke, in which the breeds here enumerated, are ſtill chiefly worked, horns are in a degree neceſſary.

But in harneſs, in which cattle in every quarter of the kingdom are now beginning to be worked, and in which, only, they are equal to every department of huſbandry, even the middle horns are extremely inconvenient, and in a degree dangerous (I ſpeak from ſufficient experience), and have indiſputably done more than any other circumſtance toward preventing cattle from being uſed, in common, as beaſts of draft in huſbandry.

Wherever the long horn prevails, as it does on a very conſiderable part of the beſt lands of this kingdom, cattle may be ſaid to be incapacitated as beaſts of draft; and, if no expedient can be hit on to prevent or check its growth, it becomes indiſputably neceſſary, to the perfection of Engliſh agriculture, to extirpate the long horned breed of cattle.

Wherever the breed requires to be changed, whether from the long horned, or any other imperfect breed, common prudence requires, that the moſt perfect breed ought to be introduced; and of courſe, in my idea, a hornleſs breed of the foregoing deſcription.

Horns, it is true, are natural to cattle; the buffalo, in a ſtate of nature, requires them; for they are his only defence. In a ſtate of cultivation, horns are as uſeleſs to cattle as they would be to horſes; and, of two breeds of horſes, one with horns, the other without ſuch an incumbrance, who would chooſe the horned breed? What farmer, with his wits about him, would work a long horned horſe?—a horſe with a large heavy horn, a yard or more long, hanging down below his mouth, ſo as to prevent his coming at either the rack or manger; or ſtanding out from his head, ſo as to prevent his keeper's coming within reach of it with ſafety?—while there were others without this incumbrance to be had at the ſame coſt?

Horns are natural to ſheep; but although they are not materially injurious in a ſtate of cultivation, our anceſtors have thought fit to eſtabliſh breeds of ſheep without them; and no inconveniency whatever appears to ariſe from the change.

The practicableneſs of producing cattle without horns is out of diſpute. There are already in this iſland three or four diſtinct breeds of hornleſs cattle; or, rather, breeds of cattle, many individuals of which are hornleſs; from which, properly choſen, a breed free from horns might, without doubt, be produced.

REMOVAL OF THE ELEPHANTS, FROM HOLLAND TO FRANCE.

A Letter from General Dejeau, Commander, proviſionally, of the army of the North, to the Miniſter of the interior, dated Head-quarters at Utrecht, 23d Fructidor, in the fifth year.

By my letter of the 9th of Meſſidor, Citizen Miniſter, I announced that I came to purchaſe the cages and carriages intended to tranſport to Paris two Elephants of the *Menagerie* of the *ci-devant* Stadtholder, and that I hoped every thing would be ready for theſe mighty animals to take their route in the beginning of September. I have

 this

this day the honour of informing you, that the machines, and the trial we have made of them on a gravelled road, after loading them with a greater weight than the Elephants, have completely anſwered our expectation, as well with reſpect to ſolidity as the facility with which they are moved.

I have taken the neceſſary inſtructions for the ſafe direction of the march of theſe animals. They will come to Tournay by Deventer and Loo. There they will embark in a boat of Condé, called in the country the *great ſhip*, which will aſcend as high as Cambray. From this city the carriages will be conducted by land to Laſere, where they will be put on board one or two boats, which will carry them directly to Paris, by Chauny, Pont l'Eveque, Pont Saint Maixence, Cicil, Pontoiſe, Conflans, Saint Germain, and St. Denis.

The CHASE, *a* POEM. *By William Somerville, Eſq.*

(*Continued from page* 304 *of Vol. X.*)

WHAT lengths we paſs! where will the wand'ring chaſe
Lead us bewilder'd! ſmooth as the ſwallows ſkim
The new-ſhorn mead, and far more ſwift we fly.
See my brave pack! how to the head they preſs,
Juſtling in cloſe array; then more diffuſe
Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning mouths
The vollied thunder breaks. So when the cranes
Their annual voyage ſteer, with wanton wing
Their figure oft they change, and their loud clang
From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behind
The hunter-crew, wide ſtraggling o'er the plain!
The panting courſer now with trembling nerves
Begins to reel; urg'd by the goring ſpur
Makes many a faint effort: he ſnorts, he foams,
The big round drops run trickling dawn his ſides,
With ſweat and blood diſtain'd. Look back and view
The ſtrange confuſion of the vale below,
Where ſour vexation reigns; ſee yon poor jade,
In vain th'impatient rider frets and ſwears,
With galling ſpurs harrows his mangled ſides;
He can no more: his ſtiff unpliant limbs
Rooted in earth, unmov'd and fixed he ſtands,
For ev'ry cruel curſe returns a groan,
And ſobs, and faints, and dies. Who without grief
Can view that pamper'd ſteed, his maſter's joy,
His minion, and his daily care, well cloth'd,
Well fed with ev'ry nicer care; no coſt,
No labour ſpa'd; who, when the flying chaſe
Broke from the copſe, without a rival led
The num'rous train: now a ſad ſpectacle
Of pride brought low, and humbled inſolence,
Drove like a pannier'd aſs, and ſcourg'd along.
While theſe with looſen'd reigns, and dangling heels,
Hang on their reeling palfreys, that ſcarce bear
Their weights; another in the treach'rous bog
Lies flound'ring half ingulph'd. What biting thoughts
Torment th' abandon'd crew! Old age laments
His vigour ſpent: the tall, plump, brawny youth
Curſes his cumb'rous bulk; and envies now
The ſhort pygmean race, he whilom kenn'd
With proud inſulting leer. A choſen few
Alone the ſport enjoy, nor droop beneath
Their pleaſing toils. Here, huntſman, from this height
Obſerve yon birds of prey; if I can judge,
'Tis there the villain lurks; they hover round
And claim him as there own. Was I not right?
See! there he creeps along; his bruſh he drags,
And ſweeps the mire impure; from his wide jaws
His tongue unmoiſten'd hangs; ſymptoms too ſure
Of ſudden death. Ha! yet he flies, nor yields
To black deſpair. But one looſe more, and all

His

His wiles are vain. Hark! thro' yon village now
The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
And leafleſs elms return the joyeous ſounds.
Thro' ev'ry homeſtall, and thro' ev'ry yard,
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn he flies;
Thro' ev'ry hole he ſneaks, thro' ev'ry jakes;
Plunging he wades beſmear'd, and fondly hopes
In a ſuperior ſtench to loſe his own:
But faithful to the track, th' unerring hounds
With peals of echoing vengeance cloſe purſue.
And, now diſtreſs'd, no shelt'ring covert near,
Into the hen-rooſt creeps, whoſe walls with gore
Diſtain'd atteſt his guilt. There, villain, there
Expect thy fate deſerv'd. And ſoon from thence
The pack inquiſitive, with clamour loud,
Drag out their trembling prize; and on his blood
With greedy tranſport feaſt. In bolder notes
Each ſounding horn proclaims the felon dead:
And all th' aſſembled village ſhouts for joy.
The farmer who beholds his mortal foe
Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,
And grateful calls us to a ſhort repaſt:
In the full glaſs the liquid amber ſmiles,
Our native product. And his good old mate
With choiceſt viands heaps the lib'ral board,
To crown our triumphs and reward our toils.

Here muſt th' inſtructive Muſe (but with reſpect)
Cenſure that num'rous pack, that crowd of ſtate,
With which the vain profuſion of the great
Covers the lawn, and ſhakes the trembling copſe.
Pompous incumbrance! A magnificence
Uſeleſs, vexatious! For the wily fox,
Safe in th' increaſing number of his foes,
Kens well the great advantage: ſlinks behind
And ſlyly creeps thro' the ſame beaten track,
And hunts them ſtep by ſtep; then views eſcap'd
With inward ecſtaſy, the panting throng
In their own footſteps puzzled, foil'd and loſt;
So when proud Eaſtern kings ſummon to arms
Their gaudy legions, from far diſtant climes
They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a world;
But when the day of battle calls them forth
To charge the well-train'd foe, a band compact
Of choſen vet'rans; they preſs blindly on,
In heaps confus'd, by their own weapons fall,
A ſmoking carnage ſcatter'd o'er the plain.

Nor hounds alone this noxious brood deſtroy;
The plunder'd warrener full many a wile
Deviſes to entrap his greedy foe,
Fat with nocturnal ſpoils. At cloſe of day,
With ſilence drags his trail; then from the ground
Pares thin the cloſe-graz'd turf, there with nice hand
Covers the latent death, with curious ſprings
Prepared to fly at once, whene'er the tread
Of man or beaſt unwarily ſhall preſs
The yielding ſurface. By th' indented ſteel
With gripe tenacious held, the felon grins,
And ſtruggles, but in vain; yet oft 'tis known,
When ev'ry art has fail'd, the captive fox
Has ſhar'd the wounded joint, and with a limb
Compounded for his life. But if perchance
In the deep pitfall plung'd, there's no eſcape;
But unrepriev'd he dies, and bleach'd in air
The jeſt of clowns, his reeking carcaſe hangs.
Of theſe are various kinds; not ev'n the king
Of brutes evades this deep devouring grave:
But by the wily African betray'd,
Heedleſs of fate, within its gaping jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient beam
With bluſhes paints the dawn; and all the race
Carnivorous, with blood full-gorg'd, retire
Into their darkſome cells, there ſatiate ſnore
O'er dripping offals, and the mangled limbs
Of men and beaſts: the painful foreſter
Climbs the high hills, whoſe proud aſpiring tops,
With the tall cedar crown'd, and taper fir,
Aſſail the clouds. There 'mong the craggy rocks,
And thickets intricate, trembling he views
His footſteps in the ſand; the diſmal road
And avenue to death. Hither he calls
His watchful bands; and, low into the ground,
A pit they ſink, full many a fathom deep.
Then in the midſt a column high is rear'd,
The butt of ſome fair tree; upon whoſe top
A lamb is plac'd, juſt raviſh'd from his dam
And next a wall they build, with ſtones and earth
Encircling round, and hiding from all view

The

The dreadful precipice. Now when the shades
Of night hang low'ring o'er the mountain's brow;
And hunger keen, and pungent thirst of blood,
Rouze up the slothful beast, he shakes his sides,
Slow-rising from his lair, and stretches wide
His rav'nous paws, with recent gore distain'd.
The forests tremble, as he roars aloud,
Impatient to destroy. O'erjoy'd he hears
The bleeting innocent, that claims in vain
The shepherd's care, and seeks with piteous moan
The foodful teat; himself, alas! design'd
Another's meal. For now the greedy brute
Winds him from far; and leaping o'er the mound
To seize his trembling prey, headlong is plung'd
Into the deep abyss. Prostrate he lies
Astunn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail
Thine eye-balls flashing fire, thy length of tail,
That lashes thy broad sides, thy jaws besmear'd
With blood and offals crude, thy shaggy main
The terror of the woods, thy stately port,
And bulk enormous, since by stratagem
Thy strength is foil'd? Unequal is the strife,
When sov'reign reason combats brutal rage.
On distant Ethiopa's sun-burnt coasts,
The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,
But of a diff'rent kind, and diff'rent use.
With slender poles the wide capacious mouth,
And hurdles slight, they close; o'er these is spread
A floor of verdant turf, with all its flow'rs
Smiling delusive, and from strictest search
Concealing the deep grave that yawns below.
Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit
Of various kinds surcharg'd; the downy peach,
The clust'ring vine, and of bright golden rind,
The fragrant orange. Soon as ev'ning grey
Advances slow besprinkling all around
With kind refreshing dews the thirsty glebe,
The stately elephant from the close shade
With step majestic strides, eager to taste
The cooler breeze, that from the sea-beat shore
Delightful breathes, or in the limpid stream
To lave his panting sides; joyous he scents
The rich repast, unweeting of the death
That lurks within. And soon he sporting breaks
The brittle boughs, and greedily devours
The fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;
The price is life. For now the treach'rous turf,
Trembling gives way; and the unweildy beast
Self-sinking, drops into the dark profound.
So when dilated vapours, struggling heave
Th' incumbent earth; if chance the cavern'd ground
Shrinking subside, and the thin surface yield,
Down sinks at once the pond'rous dome, ingulph'd
With all its tow'rs. Subtle, delusive man!
How various are thy wiles! artful to kill
Thy savage foes, a dull unthinking race!
Fierce from his lair, springs forth the speckled pard,
Thirsting for blood, and eager to destroy;
The huntsman flies, but to his flight alone
Confides not: at convenient distance fix'd,
A polish'd mirror, stops in full career
The furious brute: he there his image views;
Spots against spots with rage improving glow;
Another pard his bristly whiskers curls,
Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide
Distends his op'ning paws; himself against
Himself oppos'd, and with dread vengeance arm'd.
The huntsman now secure, with fatal aim
Directs the pointed spear, by which transfix'd
He dies, and with him dies the rival shade.
Thus man innum'rous engines forms, t'assail
The savage kind: but most the docile horse
Swift and confederate with man, annoys
His brethren of the plains; without whose aid
The hunter's arts are vain, unskill'd to wage
With the more active brutes an equal war.
But borne by him, without the well train'd pack,
Man dares his foe, on wings of wind secure.

Him the fierce Arab mounts, and with his troop
Of bold compeers, ranges the deserts wild.
Where by the magnet's aid, the traveller
Steers his untrodden course; yet oft on land
Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of sand
Immers'd and lost. While these intrepid bands,
Safe in their horses speed, out-fly the storm,
And scouring round, make men and beasts their prey.
The grisly boar is singled from his herd
As large as that in Erimanthian woods,
A match for Hercules. Round him they fly
In circles wide; and each in passing sends
His

His feather'd death into his brawny ſides.
But perilous th' attempt. For if the ſteed
Happly too near approach; or the looſe earth
His footing fail; the watchful angry beaſt
Th' advantage ſpies; and at one ſidelong glance
Rips up his groin. Wounded, he rea s aloft,
And plunging, from his back the rider hurls
Precipitant; then bleeding ſpurns the ground
And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.
Mean while the ſurly monſter trots along.
But with unequal ſpeed; for ſtill they wound,
Swift-wheeling in the ſpacious ring. A wood
Of darts upon his back he bears; adown
His tortur'd ſides, the crimſon torrents roll
From many a gaping font. And now at laſt
Stagg'ring he falls, in blood and foam expires.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES.

MR. Wraxall, in his Tour through France, mentions a Caſtle, which is rendered famous by the following circumſtance:—In this fortreſs the noble and unfortunate Mareſchal de Montmorenci, (grandſon to the famous Conſtable of France of the ſame name) was confined, after the battle of Caſtelnaudari, in 1632: ſo amiable was his charecter, ſo general was the attachment borne to him, and ſo deteſted was the Cardinal de Richelieu, his enemy, that the ladies of the place attempted, by a ſtratagem, to procure him his liberty. They ſent him, as a preſent, a large pye, in which was concealed a ſilken ladder of ropes. He loſt no time in endeavouring to avail himſelf of this inſtrument for his eſcape; and having fixed it, the ſame evening, to the window of his apartment, he ordered his valet to deſcend firſt, with intent to follow him; but the ſervant having unfortunately miſſed his hold, fell, and broke his thigh.

The ſentinels, alarmed at his cries, ran to the ſpot, and intercepted the Mareſchal, who was ſoon after conducted to Toulouſe, and put to death.

The eſcape of Albany, brother of James III. of Scotland, from Edinburgh Caſtle, (as related by Pinkerton, in his Hiſtory of Scotland,) was more fortunate, though attended with circumſtances ſomewhat ſimilar. The rope by which he was to eſcape, and which was conveyed to him in a ſmall caſk of malmſey, "being fixed and let down, his ſervant firſt explored the dangerous height; but, from the ſhortneſs of the rope, fell, and broke his thigh: the Duke guarded againſt the ſame fate by increaſing the length with the torn ſheets of his bed; and, deſcending ſafely, firſt carried his faithful domeſtic on his back to a place of ſecurity, and then proceeding to Newhaven, immediately ſailed for France." This took place A. D. 1479, at a time when James III. was himſelf lodging in the Caſtle.

SWAFFHAM COURSING MEETING, *begins on Monday, Nov.* 13, 1797, *unleſs prevented by Froſt or Snow, in which caſe the Meeting will be held the firſt open Monday in, or after November.*

THE ORFORD CUP.

THE Greyhounds which ſtart for the Cup, muſt be entered on Monday, the firſt day of the November Meeting, between the hours of ſeven and eight o'clock in the evening.

GEORGE NELTHORPE, ESQ.
PRESIDENT.

Monday, Nov. 13.—IGBOROW.

Mr. Nelthorpe's Kitty againſt Mr. Denton's Nettle, 1 gui.

Mr.

Mr. Tyſſen's Tattle againſt Mr. Coppin's Catharine, 1 gui. and 1 bye.

Mr. Pottinger's Dido againſt Sir John Sebright's Prattle, 1 gui. and 2 bye.

Tueſday, Nov. 14.—WESTACRE.

Mr. Crowe's Sylvan againſt Mr. Woodley's Willing, 1 gui. and 4 bye.

Mr. Hamond's Quaker againſt Mr. Whittington's Goliah, 1 gui.

Mr. Hare's Royal againſt Mr. Forby's Zilia, 1 gui,

Mr. Motteux's Light-foot againſt Mr. Colhoun's Abſent, 1 gui. and 2 bye.

Wedneſday, Nov. 15.—SMEE.

Sir John Berney's Veto againſt Mr. Forby's Zany, 1 gui.

Mr. Crowe's Crocodile againſt Mr. Hamond's Quod, 1 gui.

Mr. Hare's Rarity againſt Mr. Micklethwaite's Juno, 1 gui.

Sir John Sebright's Pelter againſt Mr. Coppin's Cupid, 1 gui.

Marquis Townſhend's Everlaſting againſt Mr. Woodley's Whiſky, 1 gui.

Thurſday, Nov. 16.—SECOND SMEE.

Mr. Motteux's Liberty againſt Mr. Parſon's Moggy, 1 gui.

Mr. Whittington's Goby againſt Mr Cooper's Xpreſs, 1 gui.

Mr. Denton's Needle againſt Mr. Tyſſen's Termagant, 1 gui.

Sir John Sebright's Pelican againſt Mr. Holt's Betty, 1 gui.

Mr. Crowe's Sultan againſt Sir John Berney's Vulture, 1 gui.

Mr. Micklethwaite's Jeremiah againſt Mr. Coppin's Cuſtom, 1 gui.

Friday, Nov. 17.—SECOND WESTACRE.

Mr. Hamond's Quiver againſt Mr. Forby's Zelander, 1 gui.

Mr. Woodley's Willing againſt Mr. Hare's Racket, 1 gui. and 1 bye.

Sir John Sebright's Precious againſt Mr. Parſon's Minx, 1 gui.

THE GAME OF TONTINE.

THE rules we here give for playing this game, are entirely new; nothing of this having yet been publiſhed for the game, it is almoſt unknown in London, except in the polite circles of faſhion. But as it is highly entertaining, there is reaſon to expect that it will be well received.

Tontine may be played by twelve or fifteen perſons; but the more the merrier.

It is played with an entire pack of fifty-two cards. Before they begin, every one is to take a ſtake, conſiſting of twelve, fifteen, or twenty counters more or leſs; each of them they value as they pleaſe: and at the beginning of the party, each player puts three counters in the box, which is on the middle of the table; then he is to deal, being cut to him by his left hand, turns up a card from the ſtock, or each player, according to his rank, and gives at the ſame time one to himſelf.

The player whoſe card turned up is a king, draws three counters from the box, for his own profit; if it is a queen he draws two, and for a knave one; he that has a ten, neither draws or pays any thing; he that has an ace, gives one counter to his left hand neighbour; he that has a deuce gives two to

h is

his second left-hand neighbour; and he that has a three gives three to his third left-hand neighbour: as for him that has a four, he puts two of his counters into the box: a five puts one there; a six two; a seven one; an eight two; and a nine one; observing to pay, and to be paid, exactly what is due.

Then he who is on the right of the first dealer, takes up the cards and deals; and this deal is played in the same manner as the first; and each player deals in his turn.

They who have lost all their counters are dead; but they do not die without hope, seeing that any of them may revive again, by the assistance of an ace, which may be in the hand of his right-hand neighbour, for which he receives a counter, or by means of a two, which may be in the hand of his second right-hand neighbour, for which he receives two counters; or by a three in the hand of his third right-hand neighbour, for which he receives three counters.

The player who has a single counter only, has the same right to play, as he that has ten or twelve; and if he should lose two or three counters that deal, he can only pay what he has got, and has his discharge.

The deceased players have no cards before them, nor do they deal, though it comes to their turn, unless they are lucky enough to come to life again, then they play again, just as if they had never died.

He who outlives all the rest, by having counters left, when theirs are gone, wins the parly, and enjoys what the others have deposited.

CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF BOXING.

(*Continued from page* 212.)

AFTER the suppression of Broughton's Amphitheatre, the practice of Boxing began to be on the decline; the professors however occasionally fought in the country, the principal battles we therefore shall continue an account of.

The first battle of any note was fought at Harlston, in Norfolk, between Slack, and one Pettit a Frenchman. The account extracted from a paper of the day is as follows:

HARLSTON IN NORFOLK,

July 30, 1754.

Yesterday in the afternoon, Slack and Pettit met and fought. At the first *set to*, Pettit seized Slack by the throat, held him up against the rails, and *grained* him so much as to make him extremely black. This continued for half a minute, before Slack could break Pettit's hold; after which, for near ten minutes, Pettit kept fighting and driving hard at Slack, when at length Slack closed with his antagonist, and gave him a severe fall; after that, a second and a third; but between these falls, Pettit threw Slack twice off the stage: indeed Pettit so much dreaded Slack's falls, that he ran directly at his hams, and tumbled him down, and by that means gave Slack an opportunity of making the falls very easy. When they had been fighting eighteen minutes, the odds ran against Slack, a guinea to a shilling; whereas, on first setting out, it was three or four to one on his head; but after this time, Slack *shortened* Pettit so, as to disable him from running and throwing him down in the manner he had done before, but obliged him to stand to *close fighting*. Slack then closed one of his eyes, and beat him very much about the face. At twenty minutes, Pettit grew weaker, and Slack stronger: this was occasioned by Slack's *strait* way of fighting. At twenty-two minutes the best judges allowed Slack to have

have the advantage over Pettit very confiderably, as he was then recovering his *wind*, which was owing to *game*. When they had boxed twenty-four minutes, Pettit threw Slack again over the rails. This, indeed, Slack fuffered him to do, as by that means he fixed a blow under Pettit's ribs, that hurt him much. Whilft Slack was again getting upon the ftage, (it was not half a minute before he was remounted) Pettit had fo much the fear of his antagonift before his eyes, that he walked off without fo much as civilly taking leave of the fpectators, or faying any thing to any perfon. This the cockers call *roguing of it*; for it is generally thought that Pettit ran away full ftrong. The whole time of their fighting was twenty-five minutes; and this morning the *battle* was given to Slack, who drew the firft ten guineas out of the box. Thus ended this dreadful combat.

On March 13, 1755, was decided at Briftol, a great boxing match for One Hundred Guineas, between John Slack of Norwich, and Cornelius Harris, a collier of Kingfwood, which, after twenty minutes hard fighting, was terminated in favour of Slack.

It is a well known fact, related of Slack, that he was upon more occafions than one, indebted to the terror of his name for fuccefs, in accidental conquefts. At a country fair he engaged in fome difpute with a countryman, who, trufting to his natural ftrength, without any idea of fkill, made no fcruple of giving Slack a fevere blow on the face. This Slack immediately returned, and a fevere conteft enfued, in which the countryman had evidently the advantage. In the midft of it, Slack cried out, "It never fhall be faid, that a clumfy ploughman beat Slack." The very name communicated fuch an impreffion, that the countryman imagining his adverfary had only been playing, did not attempt another ferious on-fet, but yielded an eafy victory. The fame thing happened to a dragoon of the Innifkilling regiment, who once abfolutely beat Slack. They met a fecond time by appointment, but the foldier, upon hearing he was to fight Slack, took into his head that he was made a tool of by fome gentlemen of the turf; and, under this idea, when he met, could hardly be prevailed upon to exchange a few blows. Upon the iffue of this battle, Slack ftaked all he was worth, which, but for the circumftance of his name, he would infallibly have loft.

On July 14, 1757, was determined the long depending battle between Hunt and Smallwood, for One Hundred and Fifty Guineas a-fide. They fought on a ftage at Hounflow; the battle was well fupported on both fides, and the odds alternately varied for thirty-five minutes; after which Smallwood clofed with his adverfary more frequently, and by fuperior ftrength, followed it to fo much advantage, that in fifty minutes the battle terminated in his favour. Smallwood was feconded by Taylor, and Hunt by Slack.

On May 17, 1758, a battle was fought at Mary-le-Bone, for Fifty Guineas, between Hunt and Richard Mills, more generally known by the name of the Onion Boy, when, after a clofe fight of an hour, victory declared in favour of the latter, to the regret of the knowing ones, who were deeply taken in.

Auguft 5, a defperate battle was fought about a mile and an half from St. Alban's, in Hertfordfhire, between George Taylor, the fcientific bruifer, and the noted Tom Faulkner, for Two Hundred Guineas, and the door money. Although Faulkner had been beaten by him in two former engagements,

yet

yet he was so confident of success, that he risqued all he was worth on the event of this battle, though the odds were three to one against him. They began the attack with great courage and ferocity; Faulkner received the first knock down blow under the ribs, and several rencounters followed, in all of which he was either knocked down or thrown. About the fifteenth round, Faulkner put in about a dozen hard blows, and received as many more before he brought his antagonist down, and at length Taylor began to shift and fall without a blow; this created disapprobation and confusion; but Faulkner easily consented to proceed. They then set to more resolutely, if possible, than before, when, after fighting an hour and a quarter, Taylor acknowledged himself vanquished; he had been blind of one eye some years before, and a severe blow from Faulkner closed the other, and put an end to the contest.

They were both obliged to be carried off the ground, and it was the opinion of an immense number of spectators, that there never was more skill and courage displayed by any pugilists in England.

Taylor died soon after this battle, master of the Fountain Tavern, at Deptford.

On April 8, 1759, a battle for One Hundred Pounds was fought at Putney, in Surrey, between Joe James (brother to Jack James, a celebrated bruiser) and Tom Faulkner, the noted cricketer. The stage was erected in a field near the White Lion Inn; and when the combatants made their appearance, James was attended by his father, Jockey James, well known as a second in most boxing matches for many years; and Slack attended as second to Faulkner. They set to about two o'clock. The bets before a blow was struck, were two to one in favour of James, and after the third round five to one. Faulkner was knocked down by his antagonist several times, but in the last round, which was not more than ten minutes from the commencement of the battle, James was brought down by Faulkner, on which James, though not apparently hurt or fatigued, gave in. The company, which were numerous, expressed their indignation at his conduct, by hissing him as he left the ground.

October 20, a battle was fought between Slack, and one Morton, for 50l. a-side, at Acton Wells, when, after a severe contest of 35 minutes, (though Morton evinced much strength and bottom,) he was obliged to submit to the superior skill of his opponent.

PARTICULARS OF A DUEL.

THE young lady, lately seduced from her mother's house, near Windsor, (see our Magazine for last month, page 324,) has been restored to her family: she is one of the daughters of Robert Lord Kingsborough, son of the Earl of Kingston, an Irish Peer. Her mother was daughter of Colonel Richard Fitzgerald, and the seducer in the present instance is, Colonel Fitzgerald of the Guards, a *relation* of her Ladyship's. This last circumstance, with that of Fitzgerald's being a married man, brought Colonel King, the young lady's brother, from Ireland, with a determination to call the aggressor to a serious account. Accordingly they met in Hyde Park, on Sunday morning, October 1st. Of what occurred on that meeting, the following letter will best inform our readers.

TO THE CONDUCTOR.

Fladong's Hotel, Oxford-ſtreet,
Oct. 2, 1797.

SIR,

In conſequence of the groſs miſtatements which have appeared in ſome of the Morning Papers, relative to an affair which took place yeſterday morning in Hyde Park, I think it proper to inſert the following letter, wrote by me to a very particular friend of mine, immediately on my return to my lodgings, and which I pledge my honour to be a true and juſt ſtatement of the tranſactions of the morning.

ROBERT WOOD,
Major 15th Foot.

Fladong's Hotel, Oxford-ſtreet,
Sunday, Oct. 1, 1797.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I ſhall, without preface, enter at once upon the affair which I mentioned to you was to take place this morning, and "nothing extenuate, nor ſet down ought in malice."

Agreeable to an arranged plan, I accompanied Colonel King to a ſpot near the Magazine, in the Park. Colonel Fitzgerald we met at Groſvenor Gate, unaccompanied by a friend, which, by the way, he told me yeſterday he feared he would not be able to provide, in conſequence of the odium which was thrown upon his character; at the ſame time obſerving, "that he was ſo ſenſible of my honour, that he was perfectly ſatisfied to meet Colonel King unattended by a friend." I decidedly refuſed any interference on his part, informing him, "that had not nearer relations of the family been on the ſpot, he would have ſeen me as a principal." He replied, "he would try to procure a friend," and withdrew.

I addreſſed him this morning, by "Where is your friend, Sir?" Anſwer (as well as I recollect), "I have not been able to procure one—I wiſh the matter to go on—I reſt aſſured that you will act fairly."—I then deſired him to apply to his ſurgeon, which he immediately did, who refuſed appearing as a ſecond, but ſaid he would be within view. Colonel King was equally deſirous to go on with the buſineſs.—I conſented. However, I prevailed upon a ſurgeon, who accompanied Doctor Browne, to be preſent as a witneſs that all was fairly conducted. It was no common buſineſs. I placed them at ten ſhort paces diſtant from each other; that diſtance I thought too far; but I indulged a hope that Colonel Fitzgerald, ſenſible of the vileneſs of his conduct, would, after the firſt fire, have thrown himſelf on Colonel King's humanity. His conduct was quite the reverſe; in ſhort, they exchanged ſix ſhots each, without effect. King was cool and determined; the other alſo determined, and, to appearance, obſtinately bent on blood. After the fourth ſhot, he ſaid ſomething to me about giving him advice as a friend. I told him I was no friend of his, but that I was a friend to humanity; that if, after what had paſſed, he poſſeſſed firmneſs enough to acknowledge to Colonel King that he was the vileſt of human beings, and bear, without reply, any language from Colonel King, however harſh, that the preſent buſineſs then, perhaps, might come to a period. He conſented to acknowledge that he had acted wrong, but no farther—that was not enough. He now attempted to addreſs Colonel King, who prevented him, by ſaying, that "he was a d—d villain, and that he would not liſten to any thing he had to offer."—They proceeded.

Colonel Fitzgerald's powder and balls were now expended: he deſired

ſired to have one of Colonel King's piſtols—to this I would not conſent, though preſſed to do ſo by my friend.

Here ended this morning's buſineſs;—we muſt meet again: it cannot end here. I have only to add, that nothing could exceed the firmneſs and propriety of Colonel King's conduct, through every ſtage of this buſineſs. I am, my dear friend, very truly your's,

ROBERT WOOD.

P. S. On leaving the ground, Colonel F. agreed to meet Colonel King at the ſame hour to-morrow.

The father of Colonel Fitzgerald was brother to the father of Lady Kingſborough, (mother of the young lady who eloped): the Colonel is an *illegitimate* ſon, and whoſe early days promiſed to him but little good fortune—ſcarcely noticed by his father, he was about to be apprenticed to ſome humble handicraft trade in the line of life with his mother. His father, however, after making one or two wills, leaving his property elſewhere, at length revoked all in favour of his natural ſon; and thus originates Colonel Fitzgerald, or rather *Lieutenant-*Colonel Fitzgerald, he being only a Captain in the Guards.

A TREATISE *on* FARRIERY, *with* ANATOMICAL PLATES.

(*Contiued from page* 190.)

OF THE GREASE, CROWN SCAB, AND RAT TAIL.

THE Greaſe is a diſorder generally known, and affects horſes of a groſs conſtitution, through the careleſſneſs of thoſe that look after them. For keeping the limbs clean and dry, is a great preſervative againſt this diſorder. In bad caſes the horſe's blood is very poor, which inclines him to dropſical diſorders. This cauſes a ſwelling of the limbs firſt, and then the eruptions appear afterwards, which diſcharge a ſtinking matter ſomewhat like melted glue. Sometimes the greaſe breaks out before, ſometimes behind; and, when the conſtitution is very bad, it falls into the ſore at the ſame time.

When the heels are firſt obſerved to ſwell, while the horſe ſtands in the ſtable, and goes down upon exerciſe, order them to be well cleaned when he comes in, and waſhed with ſoap ſuds, chamber lie, or vinegar and water, which, with ſufficient rubbing will often prevent or remove the complaint.

The intention is to brace up the fibres, ſtrengthen the veſſels, and ſo to prevent the afflux, or rather ſtagnation of the blood and humours; which may be done with bathing them with old verjuice, or by dipping rags in the ſame, and rolling them on with a proper bandage; and by this means, in a few days, the parts may recover their tone.

There is another way of keeping down the ſwelling, though not brought into practice; and that is, a laced ſtocking, which any ſenſible taylor or ſadler is capable of making, on the ſwelled part. It ſhould be made of ſtrong canvaſs that will not eaſily tear when put to the trial. However, the part may be waſhed pretty often with the following repellant lotion:

Take half an ounce of camphire, and diſſolve it in four ounces of rectified ſpirits of wine; an ounce of white vitriol, with as much water as will juſt diſſolve it. Mix theſe together, and then add ſix ounces of white wine vinegar.

Shake

Shake the bottle every time it is uſed.

When the cracks and ſcratches begin to ooze and run, the hair muſt be clipped away, to make the grieved part more eaſy to come at; as alſo when there are hard ſcabs. When the diſorder has proceeded thus far, it will be proper to uſe poultices with turnips, or with rye flour, turpentine, and hog's lard, mixed with ſpirits of wine. And when his limbs begin to be more limber, he muſt be purged ſeveral times, with due intervals between, remembering always never to give ſtrong phyſic. After a few days, the common digeſtive ointment ſo often mentioned may be laid over the part, and the poultice upon that; which may be made only with boiled turnips, lard, and a handful of powdered linſeed. When a running is procured by this means, and the veſſels are unloaded, the ſore may be dried up by the following waſh:

Take of lime water a quart or three pints; white vitriol and burnt allum, of each two ounces; of the Egyptian ointment, an ounce. Mix theſe together, and waſh the ſores three times a day with a ſpunge dipped in the mixture. If you would have it more drying and aſtringent, diſſolve a drachm of ſugar of lead in every ounce of the mixture.

Sometimes a drying ointment may not be improper.

Take of red lead two ounces; of verdigriſe an ounce; reduce them to a fine powder, and mix them with four ounces of honey.

What has been ſaid hitherto, will ſerve to cure this diſeaſe when it is local; but if the legs are very much ſwelled, and are pen-feathered, that is, when the hair ſtands ſtaring up, with a running of fœtid matter from deep ſores, the cure will be difficult.

When the diſeaſe is in this ſtate, the blood is always poor, and therefore muſt not be begun with bleeding, as ſome direct; but the impure ſerum muſt be in ſome meaſure carried off by diuretics.

Take a quart of clean forge-water, and mix it with four ounces of yellow roſin, and an ounce of ſaltpetre, ground well together; then add a drachm of unrectified oil of amber. This is a doſe to be given in a morning faſting.

He muſt be kept faſting two hours before and after this drench, and then he muſt have cold water, with moderate riding. But as this is very diſagreeable to ſome horſes, the following balls may be ſubſtituted in their room.

Take of ſaltpetre two ounces; of filings of iron half an ounce; of camphire a drachm. Make them into a ball with a ſufficient quantity of honey, waſhing it down with a horn or two of ſmith's forge-water.

When there is any remains of the humour, the leg may be bathed with ſpirit of wine and vinegar in equal parts. If this is not ſharp enough, a little Ægyptian ointment may be mixed with it. But if the heels continue ſcabby and dry, uſe the following ointment:

Take yellow baſilicon and honey, of each two ounces; of verdigriſe, in fine powder, three drachms: mix them. Let this be applied once a day, till the cure is effected.

When there is any weeping remains, the above ointment, with red lead, may be laid on the part, like a poultice ſpread upon tow, and renewed once in three days. When the diuretic balls are not powerful enough, they may be aſſiſted with equal parts of cinnabar and gum guaiacum, giving him an ounce for a doſe every night, and the diuretic ball; ſometimes omitting this laſt, as you ſhall ſee occaſion.

Rat

Rat Tails generally creep from the paſtern to the middle of the ſhank, along the *tendo Achilles*, or maſter ſinew. They are ſo called, becauſe they reſemble the tail of the rat. Sometimes they paſs along one ſide of it, and are generally dry, but now and then moiſt. The following ointment will not only cure theſe, but ſcratches, kibes, figs, and the like diſorders.

Take ſoft ſoap and black baſilicon, of each two ounces; of linſeed oil an ounce; of white vitriol, in fine powder, half an ounce: mix theſe well together, and dreſs the part with it every day, wiping it clean.

The Crown Scab, is a humour that breaks out round the coronet, producing a ſcurfineſs and itching. It may be cured with a mixture of ointment of marſh mallows, and yellow baſilicon, ſpread upon tow and laid round the coronet, giving the horſe at the ſame time a few doſes of the above diuretic drink, and a laxative purge or two, of which you will find ſeveral preſcriptions interſperſed in this treatiſe.

(To be continued.)

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE SOCIAL ATTACHMENT OF ANIMALS.

By a Celebrated NATURALIST.

THERE is a wonderful ſpirit of ſociality in the brute creation, independent of ſexual attachment: the congregating of gregarious birds in the winter is a remarkable inſtance.

Many horſes, though quiet with company, will not ſtay one minute in a field by themſelves; the ſtrongeſt fences cannot reſtrain them. My neighbour's horſe will not only not ſtay by himſelf abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a ſtrange ſtable, without diſcovering the utmoſt impatience, and endeavouring to break the rack and manger with his fore feet. He has been known to leap out at a ſtable-window, (through which dung was thrown,) after company; and yet, in other reſpects, is remarkably quiet. Oxen and Cows will not fatten by themſelves, but neglect the fineſt paſture that is not recommended by ſociety. It would be needleſs to inſtance in ſheep, which conſtantly flock together.

But this propenſity ſeems not to be confined to animals of the ſame ſpecies; for I know a doe, ſtill alive, that was brought up a little fawn with a dairy of cows; with them it goes a-field, and with them it returns to the yard. The dogs of the houſe take no notice of this deer, being uſed to her; but if ſtrange dogs come by, a chace enſues, while the maſter ſmiles to ſee his favourite ſecurely leading her purſuers over hedge, or gate, or ſtile, till ſhe returns to the cows, who, with fierce lowings and menacing horns, drive the aſſailants quite out of the paſture.

Even great diſparity of kind and ſize, does not always prevent ſocial advances and mutual fellowſhip. For a very intelligent and obſervant perſon has aſſured me, that, in the former part of his life, keeping but one horſe, he happened alſo on a time to have but one ſolitary hen. Theſe two incongruous animals ſpent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they ſaw no creature but each other. By degrees an apparent regard began to take place between theſe two ſequeſtered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing herſelf gently againſt his legs; while the horſe would look down

down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion. Thus, by mutual good offices, each seemed to console the vacant hours of the other: so that Milton, when he puts the following sentiment in the mouth of Adam, seems to be somewhat mistaken:

"Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fow,
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape."

Having recounted how much incongruous animals may be attached to each other, from a spirit of sociality, it may not be amiss to recount a different motive, which has been known to create as strange a fondness.

My friend had a little helpless leveret brought to him, which the servants fed with milk in a spoon, and about the same time his cat kittened, and the young were dispatched and buried. The hare was soon lost, and supposed to be gone the way of most fondlings, to be killed by some dog or cat. However, in about a fortnight, as the master was sitting in his garden, towards the dusk of the evening, he observed his cat, with tail erect, trotting towards him, and calling, with little short inward notes of complacency, such as they use towards their kittens, and something gamboling after, which proved to be the leveret that the cat had supported with her milk, and continued to support with great affection.

Thus was a graminivorous animal, nurtured by a carnivorous and predaceous one!

Why so cruel and sanguinary a beast as a cat, of a ferocious genus of *Feles*, as Linnæus calls it, should be affected with any tenderness towards an animal which is its natural prey, is not so easy to determine.

This strange affection probably was occasioned by that desiderium, those tender maternal feelings, which the loss of her kittens had awakened in her breast; and by the complacency and ease she derived to herself, from the procuring her teats to be drawn, which were too much distended with milk; till, from habit, she became as much delighted with this fondling, as if it had been her real offspring.

This incident is no bad solution of that strange circumstance, which grave historians, as well as the poets assert, of exposed children being sometimes nurtured by female wild beasts, that probably had lost their young. For it is not one whit more marvellous, that Romulus and Remus, in their infant state, should be nursed by a she-wolf, than that a poor little sucking leveret should be fostered and cherished by a bloody grimalkin.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE MANNER OF CATCHING BLACK CATTLE IN BRAZIL.

FROM MURPHY'S TRAVELS.

I Was present at the Circus, when this curious spectacle was exhibited, the first of the kind, I was told, ever represented in Lisbon. It conveyed a good idea of the manner in which the inhabitants of that fertile region catch their cattle. They kill the animals for the sake of their hides, which are brought to Portugal to be manufactured. Of the flesh, I understand the Brazilians make but little account; they barely take as much as is sufficient for the present exigence, and leave the rest a prey to the birds and beasts of the forests.

The

The Circus was very crowded on this occaſion : about five in the afternoon, a native of Pernambuca entered the arena, mounted upon a ſpirited horſe of the Arabian breed. The rider was of a copper colour, of a ſtrong and active figure, his hair black, and his head uncovered. He wore a looſe mantle, ſomewhat like the paludamentum of the ancient Romans. The ſkin of a wild beaſt was thrown looſely over the horſe, inſtead of a ſaddle, from which were ſuſpended two cords for ſtirrups. The whole appeared quite in character.

As ſoon as the Cavalier had paid his obeiſance to the audience, a bull, whoſe natural ferocity was heightened in the ſtall, ruſhed in, and had nearly overturned them in the firſt onſet: the fleetneſs of the horſe, and the dexterity with which he managed the reins, only could have ſaved his life. The furious animal purſued him ſeveral times round the arena, till he became tired: after which, he ſtood panting in the middle of the ring.

The horſeman ſtill continued his circular courſe at an eaſy pace, holding a long cord in his hand, with a ſlip knot at the end of it: having watched a proper opportunity, he caſt it over the horns of the bull, and rode twice round him; then ordering the gate to be thrown open, he made off in full ſpeed till he came to the full length of the cord; upon which he received a check that threw him on his back, and made the horſe caper on his hind feet: nevertheleſs he clung to him by his knees, and in this reclined poſture, held the cord in both hands, and the bridle in his mouth. The bull at this time was entangled by the rope, with his head drawn in between his fore-feet, and incapable of motion. The Brazilian diſmounted, approached, and drew from beneath his mantle, a ſhort hunting ſpear, which, with an apparent ſlight force, he darted into the head of the animal, in conſequence of which he inſtantly fell down and expired.

ORIGIN OF COCK-FIGHTING.

After their victories over the Perſians, the Athenians made a law, that on one day in every year there ſhould be an exhibition of a cock-fight.

This cuſtom is ſaid to have ariſen from the following circumſtances: When Themiſtocles led an army of his countrymen againſt the Barbarians, he ſaw two cocks fighting. The ſpectacle was not loſt on him; he made his army halt, and thus addreſſed them:—" Theſe cocks," ſaid he, " are not fighting for their country, for their paternal gods; nor do they endure this for the monuments of their anceſtors, for the ſake of glory in the cauſe of liberty, or for their offspring. The only motive is, that one is determined not to yield to the other."

MORE CRICKET MATCHES.

On Monday October 2, a Single Inning Match of Cricket was played on Uxbridge-Moor, between eleven Gentlemen of Uxbridge and Hayes, againſt eleven Gentlemen of Richmond and Brentford, for Twenty Pounds.

RICHMOND AND BRENTFORD.

Fallow	7 b.	by Newman.
John White	7 b.	by ditto.
Jacob White	3 b.	by ditto.
Joſeph White	13 c.	by Cheeſeley.
Hedſworth	6 c.	by Webb.

Tuffer	0	b. by Newman.
Dean	0	b. by Budd.
Sanders	0	b. by Grange.
Pepper	1	b. by Newman.
Hart	10	c. by Webb.
Long	4	not out.
Byes	3	
	54	

UXBRIDGE AND HAYES.

Church	5	b. by Jac. White.
Buck	23	not out.
Shackell	9	run out.
Cheeseley	3	b. by Jac. White.
Newman	3	b. by ditto.
Mason	1	b. by Hedsworth.
Budd	11	not out.
Brown		did not go in.
Hoodman		ditto.
Grange		ditto.
Webb		ditto.
	55	

Wednesday October 11, ended the Grand Cricket Match at York Gale, in Leeming-lane, betwixt the Gentlemen of Wetherby, under the patronage of the Hon. George Monson, and the Gentlemen of Scruton, near Catterick, under the patronage of Mr. Milbank, for One Hundred Guineas a-side. The match continued two days, and the contest (which was a severe one) terminated in favour of the Wetherby Club by several notches.

RETURN OF MRS. ABINGTON TO THE STAGE, ON FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1797.

Covent Garden.

THE return of Mrs. Abington to the Stage, after having retired to the ease which she so amply merited, is an event highly interesting to the heart. Lively as our recollections of her merit are, we did not hear of her determination to appear on the boards with unmixed pleasure. We fear that her motives are not solely those of passion for the art, and every liberal bosom must regret, that, at an age when nature requires repose, circumstances should make it necessary for her to resume the profession. Into those motives, however, the public have no right to inquire.

She was received on her entrance with the most enthusiastic marks of public favour. Her past services entitle her to that honourable distinction, which she has by no means forfeited by her performance on that night. Without adverting to the established reputation of this Lady, it is, we conceive, the duty of fair criticism to consider her present merits. But however high she has been ranked in the mimic world, it will not be thought a partial panegyric to observe, that, making every candid allowance for a secession of many years, and the ravages of time, she now comes forward with powerful claims to the encouragement of the public.

Fashion-mongers and punctilio-dealers may object to Mrs. Abington, that she no longer possesses all those theatrical requisites for which she has been formerly so distinguished. Her figure, voice, and walk, are not certainly what they have been, but she still retains what must ever prove attractive to the admirers of the Drama—unaffected ease, spirited elegance, and impressive discrimination. The natural manner in which she delivers her Aurhor's text cannot be too highly praised. We percieve no study, no labour, no painful exertion to entrap applause: and in this respect our young Actresses cannot too closely attend to so instructive an example. Without comparing Mrs. Abington

Abington that *is*, with Mrs. Abington that *was*, we ſhall content ourſelves with applying to the *Beatrice* of the night one of the lines in Mr. Colman's Addreſs—

"Nature, charming Nature, is eternal."

The play was preceded by the following Addreſs, written by Mr. Colman, and ſpoken by Mr. Murray.

Whene'er the mind aſſumes a penſive caſt,
And mem'ry ſits muſing on the paſt;
When melancholy counts each friend gone by,
True as religion ſtrings her roſary,
The eye grows moiſt for many in ſilence laid,
And drops that bead which Nature's ſelf had made.

To friends alone, then, is the tear-drop due?
Oh, no!—to Public virtue, genius, too;
Fondly we dwell on merit death has croſs'd,
On talents we have witneſs'd, and have loſt.

Here, on this mimic ſcene, alas the day!
How many fleeting time has ſnatch'd away!
His fatal ſcythe, of late, the hoary ſage
Has ſwung with ampler ſweep along the Stage;
Tardy no more he treads the Drama's ground,
But ſtrides, like Mars, and mows with fury round.

Companions of his courſe, on either hand
Death glares—and gentle Hymen waves his brand.
Here death to a chill grave ſome actor carries,
Here Hymen beckons, and an actreſs marries.

Thinn'd thus of brilliant talents and of worth,
Is then our Drama threat'ned with a dearth?
Not ſo, we truſt; for judgment, ſure, can find
Full many a favourite ſtill left behind:
Full many, whoſe induſtry and modeſt ſenſe,
Your ſmiles have mellow'd into excellence;
Whoſe ſparks of merit, fann'd into a flame
By candour's breath, now kindle into fame.
And if, while glancing o'er Thalia's ground,
The critic eye ſome caſual void has found,
Can ſhe not fill the chaſm in her train,
And lure ſome favour'd votary back again?
E'en now the Muſe on high her banner rears;
Thalia calls—and ABINGTON appears:
Yes, ABINGTON—too long we've been without her—
With all the ſchool of Garrick ſtill about her,
Mature in powers, in playful fancy vernal,
For Nature, charming Nature, is eternal.
And, oh, while now a favourite returns,
Whoſe breaſt, for you, with grateful paſſion burns,
Keep up Thalia's cauſe!—ſcorn, ſcorn to drop it!
And cheer her Prieſteſs, who now comes to prop it.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

A New Entertainment called *The Chimney Corner*, was brought out at this Theatre, on Saturday, October 7. Its ſtyle is that of the Opera.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Governor	*Mr. Suett.*
Darcy -	*Miſs De Camp.*
Hilario -	*Mr. Banniſter, jun.*
Gregory -	*Mr. Wewitzer.*
Henry -	*Maſter Elliot.*
Charles -	*Maſter Chatterly.*
Louiſa -	*Miſs Leak.*
Annette -	*Mrs. Bland.*

THE STORY

Ariſes from a parent's objection to an honourable union of his daughter with her favourite lover. On going abroad, he intruſts the care of his child to an old German Governor, in the character of his friend, but who conceives a deſign of engaging her affection himſelf—on leaving home, the Governor commits his charge to the watchfulneſs of a drunken ſervant; but, confiding her ſentiments to a favourite friend, *Annette*, the wife of *Hilario*, an honeſt neighbour, ſhe eludes the Governor's deſign, and ultimately is united to her favourite *Darcy*, whom the Governor had reported to be dead; but who had in fact been his preſerver out of the butchering hands of a ſet of aſſaſſins. *Darcy* is introduced by ſtratagem into the Governor's houſe, in a ſevere winter night, almoſt frozen to death, but is comforted in a

 Chimney

Chimney Corner, and undergoes the usual tricks of *hide* and *seek* to evade detection before the period of *ec-claircissement*.

The *Chimney Corner*, a translation from the French, appears to have been formed for the purpose of displaying Kelly's powers as a composer. In this department he has shown great taste and ability; for the music proves that Kelly is equal to something of a superior cast. The intent of the author has been fully attained, and we shall not judge of its literary merits with the eye of a fastidious critic. It was announced for a second representation, and experienced some opposition. Shaw's Overture has many claims to patronage. The following is a specimen of the songs:

SONG—Henry.

Thou pretty little lively thing,
How canst thou skip about and sing,
Within this narrow cage confin'd?
Thou that was born to soar on high,
And spread thy plumage to the wind,
And carol in the vaulted-sky?

Thou pretty little chorister,
Oh, thou shalt be my monitor,
Instructive is thy artless lay;
Like thine, disastrous tho' my lot,
I'll learn from thee to murmur not,
But smile upon each adverse day.

AIR—Darcy.

Whilst I lightly touch thy strings
And breathe my fond desire;
Say, when my dear Louisa sings,
Does love her soul inspire?

The soft emotions of her mind,
Oh, tell me, do her lips confess?
And is the lovely maid inclin'd,
To pity my distress?

Aid me now, and to her ear,
In softest tones convey,
Each tender hope—each anxious fear,
I felt when far away.

Slow glides the stream thro' every vein,
Fatigue and cold my limbs oppress:
Ah! sure the gentle maid will deign,
To pity my distress.

GAME OF SHUTTLECOCK, AS PLAYED BY THE CHINESE.

SEVEN or eight Cochin-Chinese young men, standing in a circle, were engaged in a game of shuttlecock. They had in their hands no battledores. They did not employ the hand or arm any way in striking it. But, after taking a short race, and spring from the floor, they met the descending shuttlecock with the sole of the foot, and drove it up again, with force, high into the air. It was thus kept up a considerable time; the players seldom missing their stroke, or failing to give it the direction they intended. The shuttlecock was made of a piece of dried skin, rolled round, and tied with strings. Into this skin were inserted three long feathers, spread out at top, but so near to each other, where they were stuck into the skin, as to pass through the holes, little more than a quarter of an inch square, which are always made in the center of Cochin Chinese copper coins. Two or three of these served as a weight at the bottom of the shuttlecock, and their sound gave notice to the players, when it was approaching them.

DR. DARWIN'S OBSERVATIONS.

THE following curious Observations are extracted from a late publication of the ingenious Dr. Darwin:

"Young persons, when nicely measured, are found to be half an inch higher in the morning than at night, as is well known to those who enlist very young men for soldiers. This is owing to the cartilages between the bones of the back becoming compressed by the weight of the head and shoulders on them during the day. It is the same pressure which

which produces curvitures and diſtortions of the ſpine in growing children, where the bones are ſofter than uſual; and which may thus be relieved by an horizontal poſture for an hour in the middle of the day, or by being frequently allowed to lean on a chair, or to play on a carpet on the ground. The ſtiff erect attitude taught by ſome modern dancing-maſters, does not contribute to the grace of perſon, but rather militates againſt it, as is well ſeen in one of the prints of Hogarth's Analyſis of Beauty; and is exemplified by the eaſy grace of ſome of the ancient ſtatues, as of the Venus de Medicis and the Antinous; and in the works of ſome modern artiſts, as in a beautiful print of Hebe feeding an Eagle, painted by Hamilton, and engraved by Egington; and many of the figures of Angelica Kauffman. And laſtly, which is ſo eminently ſeen in many of the beauties of the preſent day, ſince they have left off the conſtraint of whalebone ſtays, and aſſumed the graceful dreſs of the ancient Grecian ſtatues.

AN EXTRAORDINARY BIRD.

Edinburgh, Sept. 30, 1797.

A Few days ago, a Fowl of a ſpecies which ſeems to be unknown in this country, was found in the water of Kelvin, above Inchbelly Bridge. It is nearly as large as a gooſe, of a greyiſh colour, and has a bill full four inches long: its neck is about the length of an Heron's, and carries a majeſtic head, with piercing eyes; and its wings, when extended, meaſure five feet: its feet form a large ſemi-circle, and are of the Sea Genus. It is remarkably tame; and, in the houſe where it is at preſent kept, it lies in concert with the cat or dog; but is chiefly fond of retirement. It has been ſhewn to different gentlemen who have travelled in both the Eaſt and Weſt Indies, and they declare they never met with any animal of the kind in thoſe parts.

ONE OF COLONEL THORNTON'S HAWKS.

A Party of Gentlemen ſhooting on the Yorkſhire Moors, laſt month, while refreſhing themſelves on the ſide of a little hill, obſerved an unuſually large hawk hovering at a diſtance, and ſoon after to ſpring a moor cock, which, directing its flight towards the place where they ſat, one of the party ſeized a double-barrel gun, with the firſt of which he ſhot the grouſe, and hawk with the ſecond. On examination, the hawk was of the iſlandic ſpecies, and on his leg was a braſs plate—the words, "Thornville Royal," were diſcernible, but the date could not be diſtinguiſhed. Falconers will envy the ſport this bird muſt have diſplayed in his ſolitary depredation, without once beſtowing a thought on thoſe who prefer the amuſement of ſhooting.

DUELLISTS.

PUBLIC OFFICE, BOW-STREET.

ON Tueſday October 2, Thomas Mercer Cockerell, and Paul Church, both Enſigns in the 39th regiment of Foot, and Lieutenant Binden, of the ſame regiment, were brought before Sir William Addington, on a charge of having committed a breach of the peace, by ſending a challenge to Captain John Lyſter

Lyfter. The nature of the mifunderftanding Sir William Addington declined hearing, very properly remarking, that he was not fitting there to determine a point of honour, but merely to judge whether or not the parties accufed had been guilty of a breach of the peace; and if they had, to make them amenable to juftice.

Captain John Lyfter was then called upon to ftate the nature of his complaint againft the prifoners, which was to the following effect: He faid, that on Sunday forenoon, between ten and eleven o'clock, Enfign Church called upon him, at his lodgings in Buckingham-ftreet, to inform him that Enfign Cockerell demanded a meeting with him, at five o'clock the next morning, in Hyde Park; to which the witnefs replied, that he confidered Enfign Cockerell beneath his notice, and that, as he had laid the caufe of their difference before Major-General Balfour, he fhould decline faying any thing further till he fhould receive the General's anfwer. Enfign Church then requefted that he would wait at home for half an hour, which he confented to do; about that time, Enfign Church returned, and obferving, that the bufinefs was now become very ferious, as he had a meffage from Lieutenant Binden, defiring alfo that Captain Lyfter would meet him in Hyde Park; to which the witnefs gave the fame anfwer as before. Enfign Church then went down ftairs, and, as he was going out of the door, faid in a low voice, "Bring two cafes of piftols and a fword with you, as one or other of you muft fall before you leave the ground." At this time Enfign Cockerell and Lieutenant Binden were waiting at the witnefs's door.

The principal part of Captain Lyfter's evidence was corroborated by a Mr. Berger, who was prefent at the interview between Enfign Church and the captain.

Sir William Addington ordered all the prifoners to find bail to anfwer the complaint, themfelves in 200l. and two fureties in 100l. each.

[Enfign Cockerell and Lieutenant Binden, are what the law terms *infants*, neither of them being more than 17 years of age.]

Robert Henry Church, a *ci devant* Officer, and brother to the Enfign of that name, was charged by Lieutenant Lyfter, with a fimilar offence. This challenge was brought by the former from the latter, and couched in nearly the fame violent terms, the bearer defiring Lieutenant Lyfter to bring plenty of powder and ball; and, on his refufing to comply with the meffage, informing him, that he or his brother would certainly run him through the body if he offered to ftir out of doors, as his brother had received his commanding officer's orders not to return to Chatham till he had taken the life of either Lieutenant or Captain Lyfter. This complaint was difpofed of in the fame manner as the foregoing.

ANTIQUITY OF PANTALOONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IT may, perhaps, be gratifying to many of our fafhionable beaux, a race of animals for which I have a fpecial refpect, to know the antiquity of a part of their drefs fo valuable to them as the Pantaloon. Pelloutier, in his Hift. Celt. L. 2. c. 6. and Cluvenius, in his Germ. Antiq. L. 1. c. 16. plainly defcribe it; but, not to trouble them with what Commodore Trunion calls *outlandifh lingoes*, I extract the following paffage from the valuable hiftory of Dr. Henry, the authenticity of which,

which, upon the moſt minute as well as the moſt important topics, has been univerſally admitted :

"It is abundantly evident, from the teſtimonies of many ancient authors, that the ancient Gauls, Britons, and other Celtic nations, wore a garment, which covered both their thighs and legs, and very much reſembled our breeches and ſtockings united. This garment was called, in the Celtic tongue, the common language of all theſe nations, *braxe*, or *bracce*; probably becauſe it was made of the ſame party-coloured cloth with their plaids, as *breac*, in that language ſignifies any thing that is party-coloured. Theſe *braxe* or cloſe trowſers, which were both graceful and convenient, and diſcovered the fine ſhape and turn of their limbs to great advantage, were uſed by the genuine poſterity of the Caledonian Britons in the Highlands of Scotland, till very lately; and are hardly yet laid aſide in ſome remote corners of that country.

The etymology of the modern ſynonym for theſe *braxe* has been ſomewhat ſportively inquired for, and, perhaps, is now aſcertained. The Greek *Pan* and the French *Talons*, which would make *Pantalons*, or *All Heels*, were once thought to have formed it; but the languages were too foreign to each other to juſtify the ſuppoſition of ſuch a compound. It is now ſuggeſted, that if we take the words, *Ce qui pend au talons*, "that which hangs down to the heels," and then eraſe all but the verb and the noun, we ſhall retain the ſound of *Pantalons*, from which the preſent ſpelling might well ariſe. The laſt I believe to be the true ſolution of this *important* queſtion, though the word ſeems to have been uſed as Engliſh ſo long ſince as the time of Hudibras, who tells us, with as much error, I hope, in his prophecy, as in his rhime,

"And now the French we conquer'd once
Shall give us laws for pantaloons."

I am, Sir, your's,

A TRIFLER.

ANECDOTE OF SANTEUIL, A CELEBRATED POET OF THE LAST CENTURY.

SANTEUIL returning one night to the Abbey of St. Victor, at eleven o'clock, was refuſed admittance by the porter, who ſaid he had poſitive orders to let in no perſon at ſo late an hour. After much altercation, Santeuil ſlipped half a Lous d'Or under the door, which was almoſt immediately opened. As ſoon as he had gotten in, he pretended he had left a book upon a ſtone, upon which he had been ſitting, while he waited without. The Porter, encouraged by the generoſity of the Poet, ran to get the book, and in the mean while Santeuil ſhut the door upon him. Maſter Peter, who was half-naked, knocked in turn; upon which Santeuil ſtarted the ſame objections againſt admitting any one at that time of night, and that he would on no account diſobey the Prior. "Ay, but Maſter," ſaid the Porter, "you know I let you in very civilly." "And ſo will I you, as civilly," replied the Poet, "if you yourſelf pleaſe—you know the price—in or out is the word, and I will dally no longer." The poor Porter, finding he was likely to ſleep in the ſtreet, half-naked, and alſo run the riſk of loſing his place, ſlipped the piece of gold under the door again, ſaying, "I thought a Poet's money would not ſtay by me long;" and thus purchaſed his admittance.

THE

THE STAG HOUND.

AN ETCHING.

IN the preſent Month's Magazine, we preſent another of the ſeries of Plates, as promiſed in a former publication. The ſubject ſpeaks for itſelf, and requires no other explanation than merely this mention of it.

REPUBLICAN COURTSHIP.

DURING the exceſſes of the Jacobin party in Paris, Schneider, who was Commiſſary of the French Government at Straſburgh, was diſtinguiſhed by the atrocity of his actions. A Prieſt of the name of Funck having made his recantation, and taking the civic oaths, requeſted Schneider to find him a wife: he aſſembled the young women of Straſburgh, and addreſſed them in a ſpeech, in which he declared, that whoever ſhould refuſe Citizen Funck for a huſband, ſhould be conſidered as a ſuſpected perſon, and puniſhed by the guillotine. The amorous Prieſt, of courſe, found a pretty wife.

ORIGIN OF THE GAME OF CHESS.

(*From the Arbit.*)

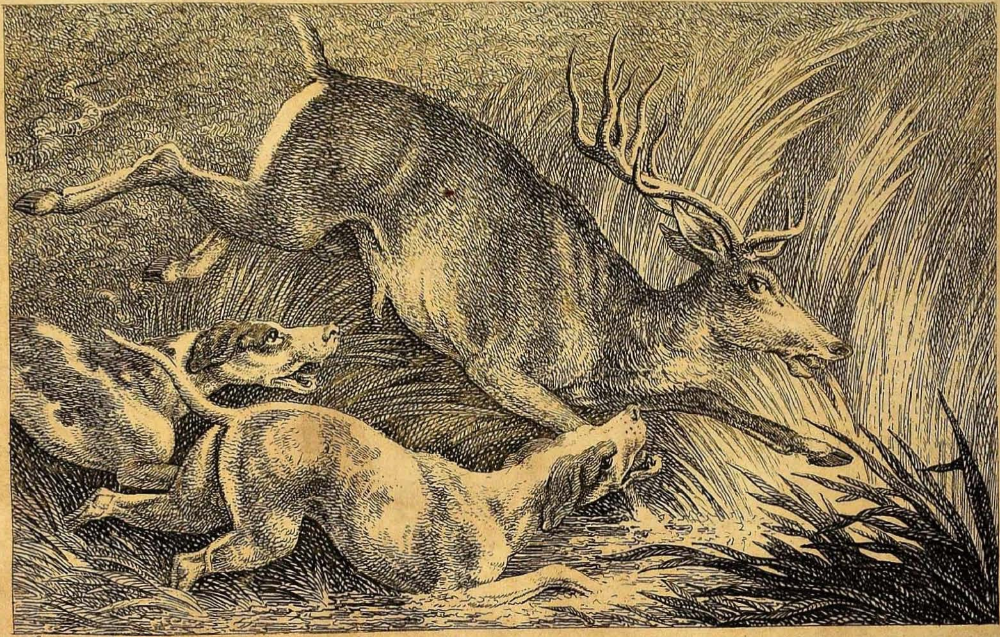
ABOUT the commencement of the fifth century of the Chriſtian æra, the ſovereignty of a large kingdom, near the mouth of the Ganges, devolved to a very young monarch; experience had not yet taught him that he ſhould conſider his ſubjects as his children, and that their love is the only ſolid prop of the ſtate; it was in vain that thoſe important truths were held up to his view by the ſage Bramins, and his Rajahs; elated with his power and grandeur, he ſwayed the land with unnatural ſeverity.

Siſſa, the ſon of Dahur, the moſt venerable of the Bramins, on whom the ſplendor of philoſophy and wiſdom ſhone from infancy to his 70th year, ſaw that there were virtues in the monarch, which required only the culture of reaſon to bring them into life; and, afflicted at the miſeries of his country, he undertook to diſplay to the monarch the cauſe of them.

Siſſa, aware of the diſrepute into which the precepts of morality and virtue had fallen, from the evil example held up by thoſe who taught them, was led to deviſe a mode of inſtruction, whereby his leſſons ſhould appear the reſult of the Prince's own reaſoning, rather than the inſtructions of another. With this view he invented the game of *Shaik*, or *the King*; in this game he contrived to make the King the moſt important of all the pieces, but yet the eaſieſt to attack, and the moſt difficult to defend, and only to be defended by the next in rank or conſequence in the game, in gradation.

The game was firſt ſpread abroad among ſome of the leading men; and, from the great fame of Siſſa, became ſoon in vogue. The Prince heard of it, and directed that the inventor ſhould be his inſtructor. The ſage Bramin had now attained his deſire, and, in the courſe of his inſtructions, took ſeaſonable occaſions to point out the dependance of the King on the pawns, and other ſeaſonable truths. The Prince, born with genius, and capable of virtuous ſentiments, in deſpite of the maxims of courtiers, applied to himſelf the morality which the game ſo ſtrongly exhibited; and, reforming his conduct, his people ſoon became happy.

The Prince, eagre to recompence the Bramin for the great good derived from his ingenuity, required



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THE STAG HOUND.

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required him to demand what he thought competent—the Bramin asked only a gift of corn, the amount of which should be regulated by the number of houses (or squares) on the chess board, putting one grain on the first house, two on the second, four on the third, and so on in double permutation to the sixty-fourth house. The apparent moderation of the demand astonished the King, and he, unhesitatingly granted it; but, when his treasurers had calculated the amount of the donation, they found that the King's revenues were not competent to discharge it; for the corn of 16,384 towns, each containing 1024 granaries, of 173,762 measures each, and each measure to consist of 32,768 grains, could alone answer the demand!

The Bramin then took an opportunity of pointing out to the Monarch how necessary it was, especially for Kings, to be guarded against the arts of those who surround them—how much they owed to their subjects, and how cautious they should be of inconsiderately bestowing their goods wastefully.

THE FEAST OF WIT;

OR,

SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

THE coarse pleasantry of our sailors is proverbial; Jack will have his joke, though Death stands staring him in the face; thus, in the late glorious contest with the Dutch, a Jack Tar on board the Venerable, whenever Admiral Winter returned our fire, as repeatedly was heard to exclaim—"Well done *little* breeches!"

A Scotch master of a ship, on hearing at the Pier, Plymouth, of the victory, said, in the Scotch dialect, "Weel, my countryman Admiral Duncan, has fairly given the Dutchmen a few doses of the true genuine Scots Pills, faithfully prepared."

The following appeared by hand-bill and advertisement last month in Newcastle:

"Any ten brave fellows, who prefer gold, honour, and pleasure, to a life of misery and wretchedness, have now an opportunity of entering on board the Jealous frigate, commanded by that bold and intrepid officer, Captain Temple, *going* to join the unconquerable Jarvis. You are *sure* to be freighted back with Spanish Galloons—the gold mines of Mexico, Peru, and Chili, are at your command—the pusillanimous Dons dare not resist the demands of a British Tar. Hesitate not a moment, if you wish to provide for the winter of your days, or have any friends or relations whom you wish to assist with a few hundreds. Be alert! the boat is on shore! The above ten, complete the crew."

A dreadful engagement took place in St. Marc, in the West Indies, on the 7th of June, between the British and the French Brigands, in which the latter are said to have had 550 men, two colonels, and 15 other officers, left dead on the field. The former suffered severely; the 17th Light Dragoons are reduced to 25 men!—the rest—all *killed off!*—An officer of the latter (an Hibernian) was twice struck by stones, by a Brigand who had mounted the wall; upon recovering himself, he lifted a six-pound shot, and let fly at the fellow, and (to use a military phrase) settled him, saying, "By J—s,

J—s, I know you honey, you have had your breakfast."

It appears by the list of ships taken from the Dutch, that our gallant Admiral has silenced the thunder of *Jupiter*, rendered the labours of *Hercules* fruitless, and deprived our enemies of their newly acquired *Liberty* and *Equality*.

ANECDOTE.

A Sailor belonging to a man of war, having been for his good behaviour promoted, from a fore mast man to a boatswain, was ordered on shore by his Captain to receive his commission at the Admiralty Office. Jack went accordingly; and thus described his reception afterwards to his companions: "I bore away large," said he, "for the Admiralty-Office; and on entering the harbour I espied a dozen or two quill-drivers. I hail'd 'em;—not a word said they. Hollo!" again said I. Not a word said they. "Shiver my topsails, but what can this mean?" said I. "Then I took a guinea from my pocket, and holding it up to my peeper, "Hollo;" again said I. "Oh! Hollo," returned they. "So, so, my boys," cried I, "you are like *Balaam's* ass, are you? You could not speak until you saw the Angel!"

The Colonel of a merching regiment, in which the whole corps of officers is composed of *Irish* Gentlemen, having appointed a new surgeon to it, took the opportunity of his momentary absence at the mess, to ask them how they liked the *Doctor*. "Very well," said the spokesman, "if he'd drink fair;"— "Not drink fair," replied the Commander, "that's strange, for I never knew him to refuse his *glass*." "*Nor I*, either," replied the subaltern, "but when one man takes *two* glasses to another's *one*, that's my idea of not *drinking fair*.

A military officer, of diminutive stature, was lately drilling an Irishman considerably above six feet in height—"Hold up your head," said the officer, elevating the chin of the Irishman, with the head of his cane, to an angle of nearly 45 degrees—"Hold up your head so, and throw your eyes somewhat to the right, thus."—"And must I always do so, noble Captain?" asked the recruit, with much apparent simplicity." "Yes, always," answered the officer. "Then fare you well, my dear little fellow," rejoined Paddy, "I shall never see you more."

The proprietor of one of the most extensive *racing* studs of the present day, being in *eclipse* a few years back, had very pressing occasion for a few hundreds. A lender was found, who agreed to accommodate him on no other security than his bond. The instrument was prepared, and the cash ready; but as the gentleman's education had been rather *neglected* in his youth, it became necessary to *read* it to him previous to his executing it. The person who undertook this task, had scarcely, with "good emphasis, and sound discretion," pronounced the usual words, "*Know all men* by these presents," than he was thus interrupted by the *sagacious* obligator; "Stop, stop, Honey; you need go *no* further, for by J—I would not have my brother

ther Dennis *know* of it for the *universe!*

A man of the name of Scannell was executed last month at Bray, in Ireland, for sheep-stealing. The morning of his execution, he wrote the following letter to his wife:

"Dear Mary,

"When this reches yu I shall be in the other wurld. I'm tould Jack Sallivan has been very sweet upon yu sinse I was sint to jail—looke here, by J——, if yu marry him Mary, I'll haunt yu day and nite, tho I was shure to be hanged for it the next hour. So no more at present from your dead husband.

THADY SCANNELL."

SHORT CHARACTERS.

The *French*, specious, vain, cruel, impious—*Dutch*, trucking, scrubbish—*Dane*, tame, lost—*Swede*, sturdy, self-righted—*Russ*, barbarous—*Pole*, turbulent—*German*, honest, dull—*Swiss*, pay-fighting—*Indian*, subtle, splendid—*Turk*, fallacious—*Maltese*, warring, lounging—*Moor*, piratical—*Spaniard*, proud, lazy—*Portuguese*, bigotted—*English*, *Irish*, *Scots*, of all sorts.

A man is advertised as having been concerned in a highway robbery. His description is that of the *comet*—a *red face* and *no tail*.

There are three gentlemen of the name of Law now residing in Berkshire, at no great distance from each other; the first on Windsor Forest, the second on Maidenhead Common, and the third, Major L. residing at Cannon Hill. This circumstance having given birth to some confusion, it was humorously proposed by a gentleman to make a *distinction* between those *Laws*. "The first," said he, "we shall call *Forest* Law; the second, *Common* Law. Major L. who was present, smiled, and asked how he was to be distinguished? "Oh, (rejoined the other,) as *Cannon* Law certainly."

While Lord Carlisle was Viceroy of the sister kingdom, two Gentlemen of the name of Bath were most assiduous in their attendance at his levees. After conversing one day with one of them, who was not a little remarkable for his pomp and consequence, he applied to the facetious Willy Doyle, to know which of the BATHS he had been speaking to. The answer was neat, and perfectly characteristic of the man, "the *vapour* Bath, my Lord."

A NEW WAY OF RECOVERING HEALTH.

On Tuesday last, one of the visitors at Triston shore, a watering place near Boston, who had come from Derbyshire, for the benefit of his health, drank before ten o'clock in the morning, *seven* half-pint glasses of sea water, *fourteen* half-pint glasses of ale, *two* glasses of gin, and *two* of rum, together with *three* cups of tea, and a glass of milk and water to work it off!!

A Publican at Newbury has taken the movements out of his clock-case, and in the place of the dial appears the figure of Mr. Pitt, whom old *Time* is about to cut

down with his *ſcythe*, and beneath is the laconic motto—*Retaliation!*

Dr. Johnſon was one day in company with a very talkative lady, of whom he appeared to take very little notice. She in pique ſaid to him, "Why, Doctor, I believe you prefer the company of men to that of the ladies." "Madam," replied he, "I am very fond of the company of ladies; I like their beauty, I like their delicacy, I like their vivacity, and I like their—*ſilence*."

CHIT-CHAT AT A COUNTRY BALL.

Says the Captain ſo pert, as he handed Miſs down,
"What a number of *Belles*, for a ſmall country town."
Miſs ſimply replied, "Sir, few towns can boaſt more;
"At the great church there's *ſix*, and the ſmall one has *four*.

The following curious copy of a letter from a debtor, impriſoned in Cardigan gaol, was lately ſent to his creditor's attorney, at Caermarthen:

"Sir, this is to acquaint you of my ſituation, that *I like* it very much, and return you my thanks for ſending me here. I never thought that the place was ſo good, and I intend to ſtop here as long as I live. As for more writs I am not in fear of them, and neceſſaries of life are very cheap here, and *no rent* to pay. It is the beſt place that I ever found ſince I was born, and am ſo contented here that nothing troubles me, becauſe *I live like a king*, and am very healthy, and nobody to take care of but myſelf, and don't care where I live, the Cardigan people behave to me exceeding well. "Sir,

"Your moſt obedient, much obliged ſervant,

————."

Cardigan Gaol, June 20th, 1797.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

TUESDAY, October 10, as Dr. Foſter, of Beverley, was riding a ſwift trot through North Bar Gate, on his way into the country, to viſit a patient then lying dangerouſly ill, his horſe unfortunately fell, and threw him about five yards forward, diſlocated his right ſhoulder, bruiſed his head and cheſt very much, and broke two of his right ribs, which occaſioned his death. The horſe was ſo much hurt that he was obliged to be inſtantly killed. What adds ſtill more melancholy to this dreadful cataſtrophe is, that no one gentleman of the faculty could be found at the time to ſupply the place of Dr. Foſter, and (for want of aſſiſtance) the lady for whom he was ſent died in about ten hours afterwards.

A few evenings ſince, as Mr. Jenkinſon, Clown to the Horſemanſhip at the Royal Circus, was making a ſomerſet, by turning once oftener in the ſpring than he ſhould, he pitched on his neck, and broke the vertebræ of his back; he languiſhed a few days, when he expired, leaving a wife and three children.

A moſt uncommon circumſtance occurred on Tueſday, in the City Road. A large dog, of the maſtiff breed, happened to paſs near a game cock, when the latter, without

out any provocation, assailed the dog with the utmost violence. The dog became irritated, and in his turn attacked the game cock. A severe combat ensued, but the vigilance and dexterity of the cock eluded every attempt of the dog to hurt him. At length the cock flew upon the dog's back, and with his beak actually beat out both his eyes. He then continued the attack with so much ferocity, that in a short time the dog fell to the ground, when the cock struck him a blow with his heel, which penetrated to his brain, and he instantly expired.

A curious wager was lately decided in the vicinity of Camberwell. A gentleman of immense bulk, who daily parades the roads in the neighbourhood, in a four-wheeled chaise, was weighed against his horse and chaise, and, strange to tell, out-weighed them both by one stone seven pounds!

A match against time was decided on the New Forest road, on Thursday last.—A gentleman in the neighbourhood of Lymington, had engaged to drive his horse sixty miles in six hours, for a bet of 200 guineas aside, but the horse, being a mongrel, gave it in, after going only forty-four miles, although he had an hour and forty minutes left to complete the journey.

A bet of five guineas each, was decided on Friday se'nnight, at Mr. Moore's, butcher, in Coventry, between Mr. Brookes, of Bromcot-hall, and Mr. Bodington, of Rugby, respecting the weight of a two-shear wether sheep, of the true Leicestershire sort, bred by the former, and one of the same age of the old Warwickshire sort, bred by the latter; which was decided in favour of Mr. Bodington, six pounds and an half in the weight of the carcase.

RACING.

A most extraordinary and excellent match was run at Whitehaven last month; the wager was a ball for the ladies. Mr. Mansell's grey horse, Hollowback, fourteen hands high, ridden by Mr. Richardson, carrying 12st. 2lb. against Mr. Morgan's dun poney, Solomon, not twelve hands high, ridden by the owner, carrying 9st. 2lb. The course was from the Castle gates to Sally-Hill and back; a distance of twenty-one miles. It was won by the former, who rode it in *one hour and twenty-six minutes*:—the loser performed it in *an hour and twenty-eight minutes*. Solomon (whose weight is only 26st. 10lb.) was at one time a mile nearly behind his antagonist; but he came up with him so fast towards the close of the heat, that it is generally supposed if they had been to run a mile farther, he must have won the race. The whole of the road was lined with horse and foot.

Lately died at his house at Charing Cross, Mr. Richard Hodges, a personage well known on the turf. He was one of the few who retired with an ample fortune from the precarious chances of Newmarket; for, after various crossings and jostlings, he sat down with no less than 50,000l. This sum, his life, since penuriously spun out, did not tend to diminish. He lived in the first floor

floor of a house which he had purchased, and let the shop to a watchmaker. He has left 200l. per ann. to his wife; the remainder of his fortune goes to a favourite nephew.

The beginning of last spring, Mr. James Carter, grinder, at Rowner-mill, in the parish of Pulborough, Sussex, shot a wood-pigeon of the common breed; from the crop or craw of which he took eighty-five peas, of a purple colour, and one small bean. The peas he carefully preserved, and on the 9th of March last planted them in his garden, where sixty-one grew to perfection, and produced (though the crop suffered much by a heavy hail-storm in the summer) 6064 peas in number, and just one gallon in measure. The produce is the same colour the seed was, and the miller is fond of producing it for the inspection of the curious in his neighbourhood.

WESTMINSTER SESSIONS.

This month, Ensign Bindon, of the 29th Regiment, was indicted for sending a challenge to Lieutenant Lyster, a Half-Pay Officer, and Lieutenant Paul Church for delivering it.

The dispute originated about a watch which the prosecutor had sold, which the buyer wished to return, as not worth the price; it was proved that Lyster had called the defendant Bindon, coward, swindler, &c. The jury found Church guilty, and Bindon not guilty.

Lieutenant Cockerell was tried for the same offence, but was found not guilty.

Lieutenant Paul Church was indicted for sending a challenge to Lieutenant Lyster, and Robert Henry Church, for conveying it. The former was acquitted, and the latter found guilty.

Lieutenant Paul Church was sentenced to pay a fine of 13s. 4d. on each conviction.

R.H. Church was sentenced to pay a fine of 13s 4d.

Some years ago, in the northern part of Cumberland, a young man, who had gained the affections of a girl in the neighbourhood, suddenly forsook her and married another. After some time the young man's mother died; and, a decent season being allowed for the widower's grief, the *forsaken damsel* resolved upon attacking *him*, by way of *revenging* herself upon his perfidious son. She managed the matter with such address, that in a few weeks she became the *mother*, instead of the *wife*, of the former lover! in which capacity she is now living, at the age of *thirty*, her husband having attained to the period of *three-score*.

ANECDOTE OF THUGUT, THE IMPERIAL MINISTER.

The Emperor Charles VI. was fond of amusing himself on the Danube, and was accustomed to enter into the first bark that offered itself. He was one day in that of a poor fisherman, when a sudden gale greatly endangered the boat, and terrified the Emperor and his companions. The fisherman, by a dextrous manœuvre, brought the boat safe to the shore. The Emperor, struck with his presence of mind, asked his name; and having learned that he was called '*Tkutnichigut*,' which, in German, signifies "no

madet

made for good," he told the fisherman that he should take care of his fortunes, ordering him, at the same time, to take the name of Thugut, which bears the opposite signification.—The present Baron Thugut, the first Minister of his Imperial Majesty, is the grandson of this lucky fisherman. All his countrymen know this anecdote; but they would bliss his origin, if he laboured for their happiness. But they now begin to ask whether Francis II. should not oblige him to resume his former name, and whether Mr. Le Baron would not be more suitably placed for the good of his country at the steerage of a bark than at the helm of the state?

A horse flung its rider in Deansgate, on Wednesday evening, in consequence of a person very imprudently, not to say wickedly, discharging a gun in the public street. The man providentially was not materially injured.

Lady Bickerton has a parrot in her possession seventy years of age, which talks as well as ever it did, and increases in noise as it does in years. It is unnecessary to remark, that the bird is a *female*.

ELOPEMENT.

Captain S——, of the India service, carried off, a few days ago, from Bristol Hot Wells, Miss M—— eldest daughter of Colonel M——. They were pursued and overtaken by G—— M——, Esq. brother to Miss M——, and his friend, by whom the young Lady and a female cousin, who accompanied her, were prevented from the further prosecution of a matrimonial trip.

DUELLING.

Perhaps Malta is the only country in the world where Duelling is permitted by law. As their whole establishment is originally founded on the wild and romantic principles of chivalry, they have ever found it too inconsistent with these principles to abolish Duelling; but they have had it under such restrictions as greatly to reduce its danger. These are curious enough. The Duellists are obliged to decide their quarrel in one particular street in the city; and if they presume to fight any where else, they are liable to the rigour of the law. But what is not less singular, and much more in their favour, they are obliged, under the most severe penalty, to put up their swords, when ordered so to do by a woman, a priest, or a Knight. Under these limitations, in the midst of a great city, one would imagine it almost impossible that a duel could ever end in blood; however, this is not the case. Some years ago two Knights had a dispute at a billiard table, and, after high words, one of them gave a blow; but, to the astonishment of all Malta (in whose annals there was no similar instance) after so great a provocation, he absolutely refused to fight his antagonist. The challenge was repeated, and he had time to reflect on the consequences, but still he refused to enter the lists. He was condemned to make *amende honourable* in the great Church of St. John for forty-five days successively, then to be confined in a dungeon without light for five years, after which he was to remain a prisoner in the Castle for life. The Knight who

who received the blow was likewise in disgrace, as he had not an opportunity of wiping it out in the blood of his adversary. A cross is always painted on the wall opposite the spot where a Knight has been killed, in commemoration of his fall.

A sad accident befel a servant of Lord Beaulieu's on Wednesday October 4. He was returning from Cowley with a loaded team; but getting intoxicated by the way, fell under the wheels, in an effort to support himself by the traces, and was instantly crushed to pieces.

A young woman dressed in man's apparel, was, on Friday October 6, brought to the Police office, in Hatton Garden, by a Serjeant in the marines, and charged with defrauding him of twelve shillings, under pretence of listing for a soldier. It appeared she had served as a private in two different regiments for the space of three years; the first was the Ayreshire Fencibles; but, upon her being discovered, was discharged, and afterwards in the Light Dragoons, from which she was also dismissed for the like reason. A number of recruiting Sergeants having been defrauded by her under like pretences, and the charge being made out to the satisfaction of the Magistrate, she was committed to New prison for trial.

Colonel Williams, of the Marines, last month, in attempting to cross a small bridge near the Trent, at Beeston, in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, on horseback, was drowned; owing, as is supposed, to the animal having slipped into the river.

Count Orloff, who has lately brought an action for horses, the breed of which he encourages in his own country with great skill and success, was educated at Cambridge, where he was at the same time with the Compte Poniatowsky, nephew of the unfortunate king of Poland.

On Monday evening, Oct. 2, a journeyman tanner of Southover, for a trifling wager, ate and drank three pounds of beef steaks, a sixpenny loaf, and three pots of beer. He was allowed an hour to do it in, but performed it in twenty-eight minutes.

On Wednesday, Oct. 11, was rung at All Saints, in Newcastle, by the Union Society of Newcastle and Gateshead, a compleat peal of grandsire triples, consisting of 5040 changes in three hours and one minute, being the opening of a new peal of eight bells, cast by Mr. Thomas Mears, of London, the tenor 19 cwt.

The *moderation* of the Rector of a parish in the vicinity of the metropolis, in which several thousand cows are kept, is at this time peculiarly remarkable. He claims a tythe upon *milk*, and offers by way of commutation to take a guinea for each cow. The owners however object, and the circumstance is to be decided by a legal process.

Last month two very large porpoises came up the River as high as London-bridge, where they were seen sporting about for some time; and on Tuesday one of the same species made its appearance nearly in the same quarter, and kept sporting about during the heavy rain.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

A SONNET.

Upon the Re-appearance of Mrs. Abington, in the Dramatic hemisphere,

By ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

HAIL all ye Muses, Abington appears!
Resume your symbols and Pierian fire,
Her poignancy will banish glory's tears;
Her apothegm will chasten young desire;
The antic crew who bawl'd the coarse-wove jest,
Leave her the empire of the social breast;
Nerv'd by her aid, truth re-ascends her throne,
For grace, and wit, and laughter, are her own.
Thus nature, manacl'd 'neath Scythian snows,
Weeps through the horrors of a polar night;
Till Phœbus' radiant lamp unmasks her woes,
Bursts the fell gloom, and beams upon the sight:
Then herb and animal invoke his stay,
And loveliness and joy usurp the gorgeous day.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MODERN ARCHERY.

SPIRIT of Him, that sang with classic skill
The crimson triumphs of the grey-goose quill,
That hung on Cheviot-hills his trophies, high,
Proud theatre of antique archery!

See'st thou? from yon bright sphere superior now,
Thron'd by the godhead of the silver bow.
See'st thou? or are these Chiefs below thy care?
These feather-champions and their arrowy war
A puny race! unlike thy sons of Yew;
Who with Herculean arm the tough bow drew:
Heavens! with what fury on the foe beneath,
From Scotia's mountains shower'd the missile death,
From no dark covert, they, with Indian art,
Murder'd by stealth, or launch'd a poison'd dart;
Death they approach'd, and fac'd him on the wing,
Our archers tremble at the twanging string.
But, lo! the scene of fight, the ladies met,
The measur'd distance mark'd, the target set;
Lo! the sweet bugle-horn,——enchanting prize!
Poize every shaft, and level all ye eyes:
The marshall'd Bowmen strut, in trim array,
Proud of their liv'ried vest and quiver gay;
Greater than pigmies! had the cranes been here,
Their unhatch'd young should tremble at the war.
Ye women warriors! (hardly worth the name)
Pluck not the palm of Amazonian fame;
The boast of chivalry, the bow forsake,
A fitter, prettier, bow-like weapon take;
A weapon, innocent of blood or war,
Let the peaceful pop-gun be your care!
In smart battalia rang'd, each hero stand;
The fashionable tube shall grace your hand,
And he, who loudest pops, shall bear away
A silver squirt—bright emblem of the fray;

Big

Big with the glorious thought, my Muse
would pry
Through the dark veil of long futurity,
To sing what Chiefs, by novel flame inspir'd,
Their tiny instrument with ardour fir'd;
Or eke, with unaffected pathos tell,
Scar'd at the thund'ring pop what myriads
fell.
But mental darkness dims her curious eye;
Ah! too short-sighted she, to prophesy:
Let this suffice, for this she dares to tell;
List! list! O expectation, tiptoe swell;
"Spite of their boasted British sires of old,
"Their hearts of oak, their limbs gigantic
"mould,
"Our moderns—talk as big, and swear
"as bold."

ARCHY MAC SARCASM.

Artillery Place, Oct. 11.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE following Lines have lately been placed in one of the most romantic scenes in Sir Richard Hill's Park, at Hawkstone; and are said to have been written by him. They attract your eye in passing a Natural Cavern in the Rock, now called Reynard's Banquetting House, where a large quantity of half eaten Poultry of all sorts was found a few years ago.

Long unmolested in his sport,
Here Reynard held his festive court,
Whilst scatter'd turkeys, ducks, and chickens,
Proclaim'd bold Reynard's dainty pickings.
Thus thieves oft' times most nicely feed,
Whilst honest men are left in need.

REYNARD's REPLY.

Hated by all, what can I do;
Sure, I must eat, as well as you.
Instinct, not vice, points out my food,
And tells poor Reynard what is good.
Can I the laws of Nature change,
Which force me out by night to range.
(Doom'd to defy the farmer's ire,
When oft his rusty gun miss'd fire,)
Can I the force of hunger stay,
No more eat fowls, or feed on hay?
Behold me, at the risk of life,
Evade the watchful farmer's wife;
With pitchfork arm'd (I own the fact,
Old Marg'ret caught me in the act,)
Mounted she stood on ladder's height,
Resolv'd to see one moon-shine night,
What thief with two legs or with four,
Had stole of chickens half a score;
Whilst of her family bereft,
The ancient hen alone was left.
Instant upon the roost I sprung,
Whilst Marg'ret to her ladder clung,
Then hurl'd her pitchfork at my head,
And cried, "I've kill'd the villain dead."
But whilst she spoke, down slip'd old Peg,
And by good luck she broke her leg.
But, there's a charge I can't endure,
Why am I deem'd an Epicure,
When an old turkey from her nest,
Of all my meals is oft the best?
So hard, so tough, so out of season,
To call me nice shews want of reason.
Once when I gnaw'd John Dobson's goose,
My jaws were tir'd, my teeth were loose:
No wonder, when I understood
She just had hatch'd her twentieth brood;
But truly, if I might presume,
The cackling dame had sav'd old Rome.
Is it my crime to eat, undress'd,
What's tortur'd by your cooks profess'd?
What, tho' I neither roast nor boil,
I nought by pamp'ring sauces spoil;
Anchovy, Cayan, Cherokee,
Are all alike unknown to me;
And, 'tis a truth by all confest,
That of all sauces hunger's best.
But hark each cens'ring child of man,
Then blame poor Reynard if you can;
This lesson learn, what *want* requires,
And what mere *wantonness* desires.
Short are the terms, distinct, and clear,
As in one instance shall appear;
By keenest want alone oppress'd,
The harmless Hare I e'er distress'd;
Whilst the great Nimrods of the day,
When to the chase they haste away,
With hearts unfeeling, to prolong
The griefs which cause the hunting song,
No sport can boast, no joys can know,
But what from helpless sorrows flow
Or eke from *mine* with— *Tallihoe.*

A QUESTION ON HARE HUNTING.

By a BY-STANDER.

SAY, stranger, hast thou never seen,
Listening on some distant green,
Poor dabbled Puss? erect her ears,
Beating her little heart with fears;
Her feet uplifted.—Swift again
She scours along the verdant plain;
Now stops, now pants; while hearts of steel
No sorrow for her sorrows feel.
Hark now! the hounds are all in view,
In vain she would her course renew

Her ſtrength's no more: yet ere ſhe dies,
Like to the new-born babe ſhe cries *,
Then ſheds an unavailing tear †,
And bids adieu to life and fear;
Whilſt joyous ſportſmen all around,
Each other greet on blood-dy'd ground,
Boaſt of the leaps they never took,
O'er theſe high bars, or that wide brook,
Tho' hedges broken prove to-morrow,
More truly far the farmer's ſorrow,
And gates left open, flocks let out,
How far they wiſely rode about:
Whilſt turnips bruiſ'd, and trampled wheat,
Proclaim the hunter's nobleſt feat.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE HUNTED HARE.

LET the tender heart draw nigh,
Drop the tear and heave the ſigh;
Souls unfeeling ne'er can know
Pureſt joys that ſpring from woe:
Welcome, ſtranger, to the ſhrine,
Mingle all thy griefs with mine.
Little perſecuted thing,
Fain would I my tribute bring;
Tribute of a feeling heart,
All I have, or can impart.
Muſe of ſadneſs, lovely maid,
Deign to lend thy mourning aid;
Tune the melancholy lyre,
Every plaintive ſtring inſpire.
Raging winds that ſweep the ground,
Ceaſe, O ceaſe your boiſt'rous ſound;
Gentle zephyrs only blow,
Nought be heard but notes of woe;
Let the ſympathizing breeze
Softly linger o'er the trees.
Vallies ceaſe to laugh and ſing,
Fairy ſprites your odours bring.
Virgin nymphs in ſolemn train,
Drop your flow'rets o'er the ſlain;
Plant the weeping willow near,
Water'd by the chryſtal tear.
Let the ſnow-drop's drooping head,
Gently kiſs the harmleſs dead:
Shepherds, caſt your crooks away,
Sportive lambkins ceaſe to play.
Stop ye rills that waſh the vale,
Stop, and hear the mournful tale;
Warbling ſongſters haſte away,
Pluck the ſad ſepulchral bay;
Let no murd'rous ſtain be ſeen,
Hide each ſpot with leaves of green.
Cooing bird, the deed relate,
Echo to thy faithful mate,
Soothing ſtrains of grief and love,
Beſt become the turtle dove.
Join Creation's voice, and ſay,
"Lo! the friendleſs Hare of GAY."

* The ſimilitude between the cry of a Hare in diſtreſs and that of an Infant, is very exact.

† It has been remarked, that the Hare, the Stag, and ſeveral other animals, will weep when cloſely purſued, and when they find they cannot eſcape; the ſame has been obſerved of the Turtle when taken and thrown on its back.

THE AUTHOR's APOLOGY.

Sua cuique voluptas. HOR.

THERE are, (I ſcarce can think it, but am told,
There are) to whom my ſatire ſeems too bold,
Scarce to the Sportſman complaiſant enough,
And ſomething ſaid of hunting, much too rough.
Thus ſings our Twick'nam Bard, (my Muſe I hope
For once may borrow from the Muſe of Pope)
But after all, I have no other aim,
Than every Sportſman's privilege to claim.
Their pleaſure is to hunt, mine to bewail;
Let friendſhip cloſe the ſcene, and love prevail.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE OLD SPANIEL.

AND they have drown'd thee then at laſt, poor Phillis!
The burthen of old age was heavy on thee,
And yet thou ſhouldſt have liv'd! What tho' thine eye
Was dim, and watch'd no more with eager joy
The wonted call that on thy dull ſenſe ſunk
With fruitleſs repetition, the warm ſun
Would ſtill have cheer'd thy ſlumber; thou didſt love
To lick the hand that fed thee, and tho' paſt
Youth's active ſeaſon, even life itſelf
Was comfort. Poor old friend! moſt earneſtly
Would I have pleaded for thee: thou hadſt been

Still the companion of my childish sports,
And, as I roam'd over Avon's woody cliffs
From many a day-dream has thy short quick bark
Recall'd my wandering soul; I have beguil'd
Often the melancholy hours at school,
Sour'd by some little tyrant, with the thought
Of distant home, and I remember'd then
Thy faithful fondness; for not mean the joy,
Returning at the pleasant holidays,
I felt from thy dumb welcome. Pensively
Sometimes I have remark'd thy slow decay,
Feeling myself chang'd too, and musing much
On many a sad vicissitude of life!
Ah! poor companion! when thou followedst last
Thy master's parting footsteps to the gate
That clos'd for ever on him, thou didst lose
Thy truest friend, and none was left to plead
For the old age of brute fidelity!
But fare thee well! mine is no narrow creed,
And He who gave thee being did not frame
The mystery of life to be the sport
Of merciless man! there is another world
For all that live and move!—a better one!
Where the proud bipeds, who would fain confine
Infinite goodness to the little bounds
Of their own charity, may envy thee!

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

AN ANACREONTIC.

BRING the wine, and fill the glass,
Hand the rosy goblet round;
Jovial let the moments pass,
Not a morbid soul be found;
Come, my boys! adieu to care,
Fill again the flowing bowl,
Here's a toast—" The blooming fair,
That reigns triumphant o'er my soul."

Let's be social while we can,
Why should melancholy reign?
Now my heroes—let each man
Join the Bacchanalian train:
Come, be quick, the moments fly,
The sparkling grape shall make gay;
Since we know we soon must die,
Let's be merry while we may.

I. N. C.

MORNING.

By J. COBBIN, Jun.

LO now in the East behold Phœbus appears,
And gilds the high hills and the plains,
The notes of the choristers float on the gale,
And Aurora in majesty reigns.

The ploughman contentedly whistles along,
As he plods his way over the lea;
And all nature reviv'd, by the radiance of morn,
Appears cloath'd in the vesture of glee.

See yonder's the hounds—o'er broke and o'er brake,
After Reynard they eagerly go;
While the shouts of the sportsmen resound in the air,
" Hark forward! Huzza! Tally ho!"

Arise now, ye sluggards, and join in the chace,
Nor squander your moments away;
The morning's the time to invigorate health,
And health makes us cheerful and gay.

October 6th, 1797.

ON THE LATE VICTORY.

E'EN the luke-warm must Duncan's late conduct admire,
For when Winter approach'd, he kept up a *good fire*.

Oct. 21, 1797. CANTAB.

EPIGRAMATIC TOAST.

IN the Russell, whilst Trollope engages our foes,
In the Senate shall Bedford corruption withstand;
Then your bumpers fill up, boys, and whilst the wine flows,
Drink—" Success to the Russells by sea and by land!"

Woburn. E. T. P.